

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXXIII. }

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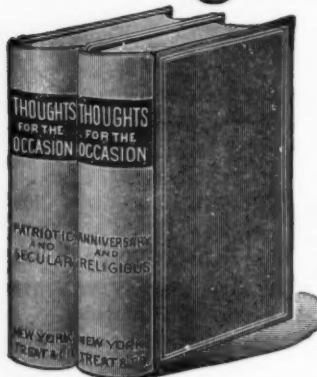
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SEVENTH SERIES.
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CXXXIII.

A PLEA FOR THE SILENCE OF THE NOVELIST.

Once I said in my haste, following an august example, that it would be a matter of small moment if no more novels were written for the next fifty years. On leisurely reflection I am inclined to endorse that opinion, though half a century appears an excessive term of silence to impose upon our vast army of Scheherazades, many of whom, like the Arabian story-teller, tax their powers of invention and stimulate their flagging energies to the utmost to gain respite, if not actually from death—by starvation—at least from financial dissolution. But no more novels, say for twenty years, during which a generation might be reared with a taste for something nobler than novels, or at all events for the fine works of fiction that already exist and are so seldom read; or even for ten or five years, what a boon that might be!

It is not that all the tales have been told; they had all been told many times over long before letters were invented. They always will be told in some form or other in prose or in verse, in speech or in writing, till the end of time, and they will always, these same old tales, be pleasant to tell and pleasant to hear till the end of time, because they tell of things that can never grow old, of the relation of man to man, and of the relation of man to the seen and to the

unseen that surrounds and moulds him. Also of the relation of man to his time, for, though you will say times change, yet man's relation to his time is constant. But surely man changes? Man never changes; he takes polish and mould, but continues the same forever; the elementary passions are inalterable; every subtlest, most exalted emotion of which we are capable is based upon them. But manners change? Aye, truly, but effect no alteration in the eternal human; they are but lines fretted upon durable stone or letters cut in beech rind, leaving the rock or tree beneath as before. Still, this perpetual changing pageant of manners is among the most variety-giving elements in the novelist's material, and the nice adjustment of the eternal human to his casual environment makes no small part of the literary craftsman's skill.

No; the tales may be told and re-told from every point of view and in every variety of detail and amplification, with every embroidery of thought and fancy and manifold beauty of setting, and never fall to charm, nor, if rightly told, to edify and instruct; though amusement and not edification is the novelist's proper aim.

A good fiction writer must have a specially organized brain, of which in the nature of things there can be but few;

yet our tale-writers are innumerable. And, while the most gifted do their art injustice by hasty and therefore crude production, the Press teems with novelettes, newspaper-corner serials made by the yard, and magazine stories with nothing to recommend them beyond a knack of putting together what arrests the flaccid attention of vacuous and brainless indolence, unable to endure a second without external diversion from inward monotony. It is weariness to think of these productions; the sight of the empty stuff piled on railway book-stalls produces moral and mental nausea. Some of the cheap periodicals fluttering on the stalls consist entirely of short stories, rarely enlivened by a spark of wit, a gleam of fancy, a glow of humor or a touch of life. The same may be said of many six-shilling and three-and-sixpenny novels turned off at the rate of three or four a year, made to sell and for nothing else. Some of these are very clever, many give token of much undeveloped power stifled by haste. Many show considerable knowledge, though rarely of human character; others display a smart style, a ready buffoonery, or a pert flippancy in touching subjects that should only be approached with reverence and delicacy, which passes for wit and humor; while others, clever in a way and always fluent, win favor by sheer vulgarity and indecency. It must be confessed that a large proportion of this great flood of novels are well put together; they show a technical skill which accentuates their inherent want of vitality. They give token of special training. Lessons in the art of writing fiction are actually given to literary aspirants by professors, who make a living, or at least turn an honest penny, by this singular trade. It was a sad moment for literature when the notion that novel-writing was a lucrative craft first got about, thanks partly to papers by James Payn, suggesting the train-

ing of average middle-class youth for this simple, inexpensive and well-paid profession; partly to the genial and large-hearted Sir Walter Besant, who never tired of representing the literary profession, and especially fiction, as a profession, like any other, to be learnt and practised as an exclusive means of gaining a livelihood by the moderately endowed, such as swell the lower ranks of the medical, legal, and clerical professions. A man with no marked aptitude for his special profession and of general ability even beneath the average, may still be a respectable and useful lawyer, doctor, soldier, or clergyman, great numbers of which are needed to carry on the ordinary affairs of life, though exceptional power and even genius is requisite in the higher walks of these vocations. But, while the rank and file of most callings can do very well with industry, training, and moderate intelligence, no one wants a mediocre novel, poem, or picture; unlike the hard-working doctor in a difficulty, the hard-working novel-writer cannot call in a recognized head of the profession to disentangle a plot, supply a true conception of character, or give sparkle and music to a dull and dragging style. And a feeble novel is a serious evil.

No one should be trained to write novels and nothing else; the best training for a novelist, after the school of life, is the exercise of some other profession, and of course such knowledge of literature as is included in what is called a liberal education, the more of such knowledge the better. Nor should any write fiction in cold blood or of set purpose as a toil or task, for joy is necessary to artistic creation, but only when impelled by some strong inward compulsion, when he has characters to depict, a story to tell, or the need of disburdening himself of some message or imparting some irresistible gaiety concealed in the story. It is said that but for the need

of money few would write, paint, sing, or act at all. Rather it seems that a strong bent to any art or craft creates a necessity for its active exercise that flags with time, more or less according to individual temperament, and is quickened by the stimulus of material and other rewards such as fall to the successful artist. When the stimulus is too keen and jaded or out-worked powers are spurred to over-activity by actual need of money for the day's wants—as is usually the case when literature is the only source of income—the work must be poor, the artist's talent enfeebled and his genius gradually atrophied. That spontaneity is a first condition of artistic creation, and that fine imaginative work can only be produced in an atmosphere of freedom and mental repose, is well known.

Still greater is the deterioration of art when pursued for gain. Money for its own sake, to furnish luxury and gratify pride, is a venomous thing; nothing corrodes so surely and debases so effectually. When a man sets himself to build up a fortune by honest commercial or industrial enterprise, he does no ill thing, providing that he plays the game fairly. He uses special powers to the end to which they are fitted and benefits mankind as he goes; his joy is not so much in possessing wealth, which he may apply to noble and unselfish ends, as in playing a skilful and exciting game and exercising conscious powers of no mean order; it is well for the community that wealth should be produced; it is his part; his delight is in doing it well. Though even commerce with no end but gain is corrupting.

But when an artist, whose part is to minister to man's higher nature; to reveal the beauty of the visible world and of the relations between man and man and to trace out the hidden springs of action; and, in the novelist's case, to furnish wholesome amusement

through the medium of imagination, fancy, emotion, and reflection; to turn fine pointed satire upon human folly; to create heart-easing mirth by a genial presentment of sudden incongruities of character, circumstance, incident, and conduct; to inspire high aims, pure ideals and noble emotion; to widen our sympathies and enlarge our charity; to create living human characters and represent them in action not too much above or too much below reality, too commonplace or too elevated, and by the power of art to present a just and accurate, though never literal, picture of human life as it is, has been, or might be—when one so charged with high and sweet responsibility sets up gain as the first end of art, it is a kind of simony and the work must deteriorate. Of course fiction may furnish unwholesome amusement and evil mirth, inspire vile ambitions, ignoble ideals and base emotions, narrow our sympathies and destroy our charity, and yet present a fairly accurate picture of human life and character; but the picture will never be complete, the wit and humor never quite honest, the life and character necessarily one-sided; the writer's art and genius will be lessened and weakened by his moral limitations. Because all things evil tend to death and all things good are in the direction of vitality; because the main tendency of human life and character is right and noble, and because it is against human nature in the main to love what is morally bad and degrading. For God certainly made the world and he made man in his own image.

Yet he who ministers at the altar should live by the altar. Truly; and the loaves and fishes were ungrudgingly distributed; but those who came for the sake of them were sternly rebuked.

Some of the best work in the world is done gratuitously; roughly speaking, all political and public work in Eng-

land is unpaid. Nor can such emoluments as fall to the lot of public men ever be a main object with those who take office. A considerable part of every medical man's work is gratuitous; pay is not what attracts men to the two Services; those who devote themselves to the higher walks of literature, to philosophy, to scholarship, and to scientific research know well that in doing so they turn their backs upon wealth. On the other hand many fine intellects are lost to science, philosophy, learning, and literature, as well as to the arts, by the obligation of a bread-earning profession. No doubt these callings might be adequately endowed by the richest nation upon earth. And why should not fiction be endowed?

Broadly stated, the present overflow of fiction is characterized by clever mechanism and mediocrity, facility of execution and poverty of matter, the natural result of inadequately gifted writers taking fiction as a lucrative career; a rarer characteristic is excellent material crudely worked out, leaving great possibilities of character and situation undeveloped, the equally natural result of haste. Everybody knows how to write novels in these days but nobody can. In the same way everybody can paint pictures yet nobody does—or next to nobody. For writers must keep abreast of the tide; nobody has time to read what few have time to write. Even printing is now too hurried to be accurate. Authors beg to be allowed to correct their work and often in vain. Such trifles as unverified quotations, punctuation throwing whole periods out of meaning, lines inserted in wrong order, words transposed, false spelling, the endless array of compositor's blunders and emendations worse than blunders, are nothing to the man in the train, the woman on the pier, the boy in the baker's cart. Really fine works sometimes

bristle with misprints rarely noticed by reviewers. The unkempt disarray of the reading vulgar seems to reflect itself upon works of power and distinction and the dignity hitherto associated with literature to be falling into the general decadence of the period.

Another note of hurried fiction and one still more significant of intellectual decay and degraded taste, is a lack of reticence concerning all that portion of our animal life upon which civilized intercourse agrees to be, except under grave necessity, entirely silent, a silence stricter and more characteristic of Teutonic than of Latin races and literatures, and most of all characteristic of our own.

It is not easy to account for the present undoubted vogue for what is so foreign to English character and taste. No doubt there is a corresponding laxity of morals just now in some classes, but not enough laxity to be an adequate cause. After all, it is a question of taste, more than of morals, and agrees with the decline of dignity and reverence and the free and easy, uncourteous manners that rob social intercourse of charm and life of beauty in these democratic days. This taint, insensibly growing upon us all and lowering all our standards, in morals as well as in taste, together with other notes of the intellectual decadence of the age—love of ugliness and horror, and delight in all that degrades and is painful, absurdly called realism; as if nothing can be real that is not revolting or natural but dirt—this taint, it may be hoped, will not permanently stain our literature. In part a recoil from early Victorian prudery, it may be greatly due to excessive production; straining after what is new and startling, and then after what is newer and more startling, is inevitable and perhaps unconscious in the effort to attract attention in such a crowd. "The most daring writer of the day," is a selling epi-

thet; "grapples with the problem of sex," another. As if sex were the newest modern discovery and had not discomfited Adam long before it put up the sale of the last novel. People will soon be tired, if not incapable, of being shocked by anything, but not before many minds have been indelibly stained and filled with ugliness and many lives made less tolerable than they might have been.

Yet realism, vulgarity, and everything that is third-rate in thought and style and subject, in all that is essential to art, will always attract the majority of readers, because in days of cheap education and cheap reading matter the majority will consist of the uncultured and unthinking, of those whose mental powers are atrophied by disuse or mechanical (not manual) toil and monotonous occupations, and of those who are just cultured enough to set some value upon letters and intellectual gifts, without being able to follow or grasp their measure; of such as read papers full of incoherent snippings from every writer under the sun and often almost meaningless without the context, under the impression that they are nourishing and training their minds. We all know what the populace loves in drama and music, and how insensible to beauty the masses appear to be, also what a perennial charm they find in vulgarity. It is doubtful if an education that can, by the necessity of things, go little farther than teaching to read print and manuscript, to reckon, and to write, is a benefit; it unquestionably creates a demand for literature that is not literature.

A far better education might be given without reading or writing by committing orally to children's memories passages of the Bible and Shakespeare and Milton and ballad poetry, and in like manner teaching history and things that bear upon practical

life. Then, if the use of steam, except in simple domestic matters, could be suddenly and irrecoverably forgotten by the whole human race, and all but very simple machinery made useless—but this, perhaps, is Utopian.

Still, the charm of a world undefiled by advertisements, except the necessary and picturesque signs—like the bush over the wine-shop—suitable to unlettered, but not unintelligent, working people, and unvexed by the yell of the newspaper fiend, the peace of it! In sober earnest, knowledge gained more from observation and bodily experience, from the seen, the touched, the heard, and less from printed books and chalked blackboards, would tend to a far completer mental and physical development of children, especially of those of hand- and body-workers. Mind and body would act and re-act more harmoniously one on the other, brain and muscle would be better balanced; the long superiority of the clerk or pen-worker over the hand- and body-worker would disappear. The craftsman would approach the artist's level, the anæmic book student, half blind and ignorant of all that concerns the art of living, be known no more. Reading and writing, instead of being the earliest, might well be later rungs in the ladder of learning.

For the chief perceptible result of general primary education is a generation of ignorant and unthinking people, to whom the power of deciphering printed words is a doubtful boon. On the other hand, we have in the field a great army, every man in the ranks of which can read and write, an army of men whose abstention from every kind of excess and violence, hitherto deemed inevitable accompaniments to war, and whose humanity and self-restraint under difficult circumstances, besides filling all thinking minds with amazement and admiration, have helped to make the great Boer War

a lesson to the world in gentleness, magnanimity and self-restraint, and an era in human progress. Many other causes, the greater care now given to the soldier's moral and physical welfare, the superior class from which he is drawn and the possibility the veldt affords of keeping drink from him, may be assigned for this; but the fact that he can read and write must not be ignored. Nor must we be too severe upon the scant benefit the civilian populace derives from reading, when we remember the splendid qualities of our reading and writing soldiers, who are at the present moment cheerily laying down their lives and facing every species of suffering and privation for us. But in addition to their mastery of the alphabet soldiers enjoy the great advantages of discipline and physical training.

In the event of this hastily desired temporary silence of the novelist becoming a reality, the novel manufacturer would probably disappear and betake himself to more remunerative trades, while the creator of character, the master of style, the builder of well-balanced story and harmoniously linked incident, the true magician, under whose subtly woven spells enchanted palaces and gardens of exquisite delight arise unbidden—that is to say the maker or inventor as distinguished from the manufacturer—would take breath and recover waning strength after undue toil. No longer forced, his conceptions would mature silently, his humor mellow, his wit brighten, his imagination recover elasticity and strength of wing. The pageant of life, whether in tragic robe or comic mask, would unfold itself before eyes at leisure to observe and enjoy, and, preserved in memory, would silently impregnate brains that in due time would unconsciously reproduce the slowly developed pictures. There would be leisure

not only to study but to assimilate the life of the past and of other countries and classes, time to enrich overwrought minds by learning and meditation. Even the reviewer might be made something of. Relieved from the necessity of noticing ten novels a day in paragraphs of three lines each, he might be introduced to classic works of fiction and instructed in the elements of literature and first principles of criticism. People with views might convey them to mankind by some more suitable channel than that of fiction, the present conduit for everything, and this would be equally good for the views and the fiction. Readers would have time to discriminate and select from the enormous mass already before them, and many of the best works, at present hurried through or altogether passed over in the headlong gallop down the serried ranks of fresh publications now necessary, might emerge from undeserved and undesirable obscurity. The newly risen generation might be introduced to the immortals: to Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, all of whom, it is said, are strange to the young goddesses who cycle and play hockey and tennis and wear such an astonishing variety of hats and gowns, and to the young mortals, cigarette in mouth, who earn opprobrious epithets at wickets and goals, many hurts at polo and much satisfaction on golf-links, and who wear hats and coats of no variety at all. Even poetry might once more form part of the reading of the better educated classes in the vast spaces of leisure created by a few years suspension of novel-writing, and in that case poetry might once more be produced by some "mute, inglorious" Tennysons and Keats, now keenly aware that little but preciousness, brutality, slang, and doggerel charms the public.

The young novelist of the future, in-

stead of hurrying, crude, and untempered, into print and stereotyping his worst points and cheapest effects because they best please the unlettered masses, might store his mind, train his powers of expression and mature his conceptions during that blessed truce to production, trying his 'prentice hand on works which in a few years he would gladly burn instead of delivering to the eternal damnation of print. Really fine novels are seldom written in youth. From thirty to fifty is the age at which most of the masterpieces of fiction have been produced, an age when intellect has been matured, experience grown and observation developed, and before imagination has weakened or feeling grown cold. It is true that the finest words of Dickens are youthful productions; but Dickens is not so much a great novelist as a great humorist and master of fanciful grotesque. Nor have the greatest writers of fiction been prolific; Dickens, yes; but the later, out-written Dickens to the earlier is as lees to sparkling wine. Thackeray's really fine works are quickly counted; *Lovell the Widower* and the *Adventures of Philip* might be spared. How few are George Eliot's at her best, how few the whole of Hawthorne's!

After the collapse of many trashy

The National Review.

magazines, the greatest good in the proposed silence might be the abatement, even extinction, of over-advertisement. That dishonest commercial trick, the boom, can only be applied successfully to work devoid of distinction; an element of commonness is essential to please readers only educated enough to like to think they are thinking and easily persuaded that they are. And while the boom almost forces such work upon the reading masses, it pushes true literature out of sight of the saving remnant; thus, puffing and booming, together with cheap and inferior magazines, have killed the idea of literature in average minds. But verbose commonplace and cheap effect might no longer content readers fed upon ripe fruits of genius, and neither perpetually importuned to swell prodigies of gigantic circulation nor tempted to dissolve their intelligence in endless scraps of anecdote and startle their lethargic imaginations by prurient and realistic detail. There might be a literary renaissance in England; and even reading would become a means of education if it gave the power of enjoying literature.

But, in the event of such a silence, how would poor Scheherazade keep alive, or is there any Fund for the Support of Silent Novelists?

Maxwell Gray.

THE REJECTION OF FALSTAFF.*

Of the two persons principally concerned in the rejection of Falstaff, Henry, both as Prince and as King, has received, on the whole, full justice from readers and critics. Falstaff, on the other hand, has been in one respect the most unfortunate of Shakespeare's

famous characters. All of them, in passing from the mind of their creator into other minds, suffer change; they tend to lose their harmony through the disproportionate attention bestowed on some one feature, or to lose their uniqueness by being conventionalized into types already familiar. But Falstaff was degraded by Shakespeare

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himself. The original character is to be found alive in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, dead in *Henry V.*, and nowhere else. But not very long after these plays were composed, Shakespeare wrote, and he afterwards revised, the piece called *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Perhaps his company wanted a new play on a sudden, or, perhaps, as one would rather believe, the tradition may be true that Queen Elizabeth, delighted with the Falstaff scenes of *Henry IV.*, expressed a wish to see the hero of them again, and to see him in love. Now it was no more possible for Shakespeare to show his own Falstaff in love than to turn twice two into five. But he could write in haste—the tradition says, in a fortnight—a comedy or farce differing from all his other plays in this, that its scene is laid in English middle-class life, and that it is prosaic almost to the end. And among the characters he could introduce a disreputable fat old knight with attendants, and could call them Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym.

And he could represent this knight assailing, for commercial purposes, the virtue of two matrons, and in the event baffled, duped, treated like dirty linen, beaten, burnt, pricked, mocked, insulted, and, worst of all, repentant and didactic. It is horrible. It is almost enough to convince one that Shakespeare himself could sanction the parody of Ophelia in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. But it no more touches the real Falstaff than Ophelia is degraded by that parody. To imagine the real Falstaff befooled like the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* is like imagining Iago the gull of Roderigo, or Becky Sharp the dupe of Amelia Osborne. Before he had been served the least of these tricks he would have had his brains taken out and buttered, and have given them to a dog for a New Year's gift. I quote the words of the

impostor, for after all Shakespeare made him and gave to him a few sentences worthy of Falstaff himself. But they are only a few—one side of a sheet of note-paper would contain them. And yet critics have solemnly debated at what period in his life Sir John endured the gibes of Master Ford, and whether we should put this comedy between the two parts of *Henry IV.*, or between the Second Part and *Henry V.* And the Falstaff of the general reader, it is to be feared, is an impossible conglomerate of two distinct characters, while the Falstaff of the mere playgoer is certainly much more like the impostor than the true man.

The separation of these two has long ago been effected by criticism, and is insisted on in almost all competent estimates of the character of Falstaff. I do not propose to attempt a full account either of his character or of that of Prince Henry, but shall connect the remarks I have to make on them with a question which does not appear to have been satisfactorily discussed—the question of the rejection of Falstaff by the Prince on his accession to the throne. What do we feel, and what are we meant to feel, as we witness this rejection? And what does our feeling imply as to the characters of Falstaff and the new King?

Sir John, you remember, is in Gloucestershire, engaged in borrowing £1,000 from Justice Shallow; and here Pistol, riding helter-skelter from London, brings him the great news that the old King is as dead as nail in door, and Harry the Fifth is the man. Sir John, in wild excitement, taking any man's horses, rushes to London and carries Shallow with him, for he longs to reward all his friends. We find him standing with his companions just outside Westminster Abbey in the crowd that is waiting for the King to come out after his coronation. He himself

is stained with travel and has had no time to spend any of the £1,000 in buying new liveries for his men. But what of that? His haste only shows his earnestness in affection, his devotion, how he thinks of nothing else but to see Henry, puts all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. There is a shout within the Abbey like the roaring of the sea, and a clangor of trumpets, and the doors open and the procession streams out.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal!
my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My 'King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;

But being awak'd I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest: Presume not that I am the thing I was;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company. When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots: Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my mislead-ers,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you, That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word. Set on.

The procession passes on, but Falstaff and his friends remain. He shows no resentment. He comforts himself, or tries to comfort himself—first, with the thought that he has Shallow's £1,000, and then, more seriously, I believe, with another thought. The King, he sees, must look thus to the world; but he will be sent for in private when night comes, and will yet make the fortunes of his friends. But even as he speaks, Prince John and the Chief Justice return, and the Chief Justice says to his officers:

"Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him."

Falstaff breaks out: "My lord, my lord," but he is cut short and hurried away; and after a few words between the Prince and the Chief Justice, the scene closes and with it the drama.

What are our feelings during this scene? They will answer to our feelings about Falstaff. If we have not keenly enjoyed the Falstaff scenes of the two plays, if we regard Sir John chiefly as an old reprobate, not only a sensualist, a liar, and a coward, but a cruel and dangerous ruffian, I suppose we enjoy his discomfiture and consider that the King has behaved magnificently. But if we *have* keenly enjoyed the Falstaff scenes, if we have enjoyed them as Shakespeare surely meant

them to be enjoyed, and if, accordingly, Falstaff is not to us solely or even chiefly a reprobate and ruffian, we feel, I think, during the King's speech, a good deal of pain and some resentment, and when, without any further offence on Sir John's part, the Chief Justice returns and sends him to prison we stare in astonishment. These I believe, are, in greater or less degree, the feelings of most of those who enjoy the Falstaff scenes (I am aware that many readers do not). Nor are these feelings diminished when we remember the end of the whole story, as we find it in *Henry V.*, where we learn that Falstaff quickly died, and died, according to the testimony of persons not very sentimental, of a broken heart. Suppose this merely to mean that he sank under the shame of his public disgrace, and it is pitiful enough; but the words of Mrs. Quickly, "The king has killed his heart"; of Nym. "The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that's the even of it"; of Pistol,

Nym, thou hast spoke the right,
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

surely point to something more than wounded pride; they point to wounded affection, and remind us of Falstaff's own answer to Prince Hal's question, "Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?" "A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love."

Now why did Shakespeare end his play with a scene which, though undoubtedly striking, leaves an impression so unpleasant? I will venture to put aside without discussion the idea that he meant us throughout the two plays to regard Falstaff with disgust or indignation, so that we naturally feel nothing but pleasure at his fall; for this idea implies that kind of inability to understand Shakespeare with which it is idle to argue. And there is another and a much more ingenious

suggestion which must equally be rejected as impossible. According to it, Falstaff, having listened to the King's speech, did not seriously hope to be sent for by him in private; he fully realized the situation at once, and was only making game of Shallow; and in his immediate turn upon Shallow when the King goes out, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound," we are meant to see his humorous superiority to any rebuff, so that we end the play with the delightful feeling that Henry has done the right thing, and yet Falstaff, in his outward overthrow, has still proved himself inwardly invincible. This suggestion comes from a critic who understands Falstaff, and in the suggestion itself shows that he understands him. But it provides no solution, because it wholly ignores, and could not account for, that which follows the short conversation with Shallow. Falstaff's dismissal to the Fleet, and his subsequent death, prove beyond doubt that his rejection was meant by Shakespeare to be taken as a catastrophe which not even his humor could enable him to surmount. Moreover, these interpretations, even if otherwise admissible, would still leave our problem only partly solved. For what troubles us is not only the disappointment of Falstaff, it is the conduct of Henry. It was inevitable that on his accession he should separate himself from Sir John, and we wish nothing else. It is satisfactory that Sir John should have a competence and the hope of promotion in the highly improbable case of his reforming himself. And if Henry could not trust himself within ten miles of so fascinating a companion, by all means let him be banished that distance: we do not complain. These arrangements would not have prevented a satisfactory ending: the King could have communicated his decision, and Falstaff could have accepted it, in a private in-

interview rich in humor and merely touched with pathos. But Shakespeare has so contrived matters that Henry could not send a private warning to Falstaff even if he wished to, and in their public meeting Falstaff is made to behave in so outrageous and infatuated a manner that great sternness on the King's part was unavoidable. And the curious thing is that Shakespeare did not stop here. If this had been all we should have felt pain for Falstaff, but not, perhaps, resentment against Henry. But two things we do resent. Why, when this painful incident seems to be over, should the Chief Justice return and send Falstaff to prison? Can this possibly be meant for an act of private vengeance on the part of the Chief Justice, unknown to the King? No, for in that case Shakespeare would have shown at once that the King disapproved and cancelled it. It must have been the King's own act. This is one thing we resent; the other is the King's sermon. He had a right to turn away his former self and his old companions with it, but he had no right to talk all of a sudden like a clergyman; and surely it was both ungenerous and insincere to speak of them as his "misleaders," as though in the days of Eastcheap and Gadshill he had been a weak and silly lad. We have seen his former self, and we know that it was nothing of the kind. He had shown himself, for all his follies, a very strong and independent young man, deliberately amusing himself among men over whom he had just as much ascendancy as he chose to exert. Nay, he amused himself not only among them, but at their expense. In his first soliloquy—the place we ought always to look to for the key to a Shakespearian character—he declares that he associates with them in order that, when at some future time he shows his true character, he may be the more wondered at for his previous

aberrations. You may think he deceives himself here; you may believe that he frequented Sir John's company out of delight in it and not merely with this cold-blooded design; but at any rate he *thought* the design was his one motive. And, that being so, two results follow. He ought in honor long ago to have given Sir John clearly to understand that they must say good-bye on the day of his accession. And, having neglected to do this, he ought not to have lectured him as his misleader. It was not only ungenerous, it was dishonest. It looks disagreeably like an attempt to buy the praise of the respectable at the cost of honor and truth. And it succeeded. Henry *always* succeeded.

You will see what I am suggesting for the moment as a solution of our problem. I am suggesting that our fault lies not in our resentment at Henry's conduct, but in our surprise at it; that if we had read his character truly in the light that Shakespeare gave us, we should have been prepared for a display both of hardness and of policy at this point in his career. And although this suggestion does not suffice to solve the problem before us, I am convinced that in itself it is true. Nor is it rendered at all improbable by the fact that Shakespeare has made Henry, on the whole, a fine and very attractive character, and that here he makes no one express any disapprobation of the treatment of Falstaff; for in similar cases Shakespeare is constantly misunderstood. His readers expect him to mark in some distinct way his approval or disapproval of that which he represents; and hence where *they* disapprove and *he* says nothing, they fancy that he does *not* disapprove, and they blame his indifference, like Dr. Johnson, or at the least are puzzled. But the truth is that he shows the fact and leaves the judgment to them. And again, when

he makes us like a character we expect the character to have no faults that are not expressly pointed out, and when other faults appear we either ignore them or try to explain them away.

This is one of our methods of conventionalizing Shakespeare. We want the world's population to be neatly divided into sheep and goats, and we want an angel by us to say, "Look, that is a goat and this is a sheep," and we try to turn Shakespeare into this angel. His impartiality makes us uncomfortable: we cannot bear to see him, like the sun, lighting up everything and judging nothing. And this is perhaps especially the case in his historical plays, where we are always trying to turn him into a partisan. He shows us that Richard II. was unworthy to be king, and we at once conclude that he thought Bolingbroke's usurpation justified, whereas he shows merely, what under the conditions was bound to exist, an inextricable tangle of right and unright. Or, Bolingbroke being evidently wronged, we suppose Bolingbroke's statements to be true, and are quite surprised when Bolingbroke, after attaining his end through them, mentions casually on his death-bed that they were lies. Shakespeare makes us admire Hotspur heartily, and so when we see Hotspur discussing with others how large his particular slice of his mother country is to be, we either fail to recognize the monstrosity of the proceeding, or, recognizing it, we complain that Shakespeare is inconsistent. Prince John breaks the last remains of rebellion by practising a detestable fraud on the rebels. We are against the rebels, and have heard high praise of Prince John, but we cannot help seeing that this fraud is detestable, so we say indignantly to Shakespeare: "Why, you told us he was a sheep"; whereas, in fact, if we had used our eyes we should have known beforehand that he was

the brave, determined, loyal, cold-blooded, pitiless, unscrupulous son of a usurper whose throne is in danger.

To come, then, to Henry. Both as prince and king he is deservedly a favorite, and particularly so with English readers, being, as he is, perhaps, the most distinctively English of all Shakespeare's men. In *Henry V.* he is treated as a national hero. In this play he has lost much of the wit which in him seems to have depended on contact with Falstaff, but he has also laid aside the most serious faults of his youth. He inspires in a high degree fear, enthusiasm, and affection; thanks to his beautiful modesty he has the charm which is lacking to another mighty warrior, Coriolanus; his youthful escapades have given him an understanding of simple folk, and sympathy with them; he is the author of the saying, "There is some soul of goodness in things evil"; and he is much more obviously religious than most of Shakespeare's heroes. Having these and other fine qualities, and being without certain dangerous tendencies which mark the tragic heroes, he is, perhaps, the most *efficient* character drawn by Shakespeare, unless Ulysses, in *Troilus and Cressida*, is his equal. And so he has been described as Shakespeare's ideal man of action; nay, it has even been declared that here for once Shakespeare plainly disclosed his own ethical creed and showed us his ideal, not simply of a man of action, but of a man. (Hudson).

But Henry is neither of these. The poet who drew Hamlet and Othello can never have thought that even the ideal man of action would lack that light upon the brow which at once transfigures them and marks their doom. It is as easy to believe that, because the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are not far apart, Shakespeare would have chosen never to have loved and sung. Even poor Timon, the most inefficient

of the tragic heroes, has something in him that Henry never shows. Nor is it merely that his nature is limited: if we follow Shakespeare and look closely at Henry, we shall discover with the many fine traits a few less pleasing. Henry IV. describes him as the noble image of his own youth; and, for all his superiority to his father, he is still his father's son, the son of that "vile politician, Bolingbroke," as Hotspur calls him. Henry's religion, for example, is genuine, it is rooted in his modesty; but it is also superstitious—an attempt to buy off supernatural vengeance for Richard's blood, and it is also in part political, like his father's projected crusade. Just as he went to war chiefly because, as his father told him, it was the way to keep factious nobles quiet and unite the nation, so when he adjures the Archbishop to satisfy him as to his right to the French throne, he knows quite well that the Archbishop *wants* the war because it will defer and perhaps prevent what he considers the spoliation of the Church. This same strain of policy is what Shakespeare marks in the first soliloquy in *Henry IV.*, where the prince describes his riotous life as a mere scheme to win him glory later. It implies that readiness to use other people as means to his own ends, which is a conspicuous feature in his father; and it reminds us of his father's plan of keeping himself out of the people's sight while Richard was making himself cheap by his incessant public appearances. And if I am not mistaken there is a further likeness. Henry is kindly and pleasant to every one as Prince, to every one deserving as King, and that not out of policy as with his father: but there is no sign in him of a strong affection for any one, such an affection as we recognize at a glance in Hamlet and Horatio, Brutus and Cassius, and many more. We do not find this in *Henry V.*, not even in the

noble address to Lord Scroop, and in *Henry IV.* we find, I think, a liking for Falstaff and Poins, but no more: there is no more, for instance, in his soliloquy over the supposed corpse of his fat friend, and he never speaks of Falstaff to Poins with any affection. The truth is, that the members of the family of Henry IV. have love for one another, but they cannot spare love for any one outside their family, which stands firmly united, defending its royal position against attack and instinctively isolating itself from outside influence.

Thus I would suggest that Henry's conduct in his rejection of Falstaff is in perfect keeping with his character on its unpleasant side as well as on its finer; and that, so far as Henry is concerned, we ought not to feel surprise at it. And on this view we may even explain the strange incident of the Chief Justice being sent back to order Falstaff to prison (for there is no sign of any such uncertainty in the text as might suggest an interpolation by the players). Remembering his father's words about Henry, "Being incensed, he's flint," and remembering in *Henry V.* his ruthlessness about killing the prisoners when he is incensed, we may imagine that, after he had left Falstaff and was no longer influenced by the face of his old companion, he gave way to anger at the indecent familiarity which had provoked a compromising scene on the most ceremonial of occasions and in the presence alike of court and crowd, and that he sent the Chief Justice back to take vengeance. And this is consistent with the fact that in the next play we find Falstaff shortly afterwards not only freed from prison, but unmolested in his old haunt in Eastcheap, well within ten miles of Henry's person. His anger had soon passed, and he knew that the requisite effect had been produced alike on Falstaff and on the world.

But all this, however true, will not

solve our problem. It seems, on the contrary, to increase its difficulty. For the natural conclusion is that Shakespeare *intended* us to feel resentment against Henry. And yet that cannot be, for it implies that he meant the play to end disagreeably; and no one who understands Shakespeare at all will consider that supposition for a moment credible. No, he must have meant the play to end pleasantly, although he made Henry act consistently. And hence it follows that he must have intended our sympathy with Falstaff to be so far weakened when the rejection-scene arrives that his discomfiture should be satisfactory to us; that we should enjoy this sudden reverse of enormous hopes (a thing always ludicrous if sympathy is absent), that we should approve the moral judgment that falls on him, and so we should pass lightly over that disclosure of unpleasant traits in the King's character which Shakespeare was too true an artist to suppress. Thus our pain and resentment, if we feel them, are wrong, in the sense that they do not answer to the dramatist's intention. But it does not follow that they are wrong in a further sense. They may be right because the dramatist has missed what he aimed at. And this, though the dramatist was Shakespeare, is what I would suggest. In the Falstaff scenes he overshot his mark. He created so extraordinary a being, and fixed him so firmly on his intellectual throne, that when he sought to dethrone him he could not. The moment comes when we are to look at Falstaff in a serious light and the comic hero is to figure as a baffled schemer; but we cannot make the required change, either in our attitude or in our sympathies.

We wish Henry a glorious reign and much joy of his crew of hypocritical politicians, lay and clerical; but our hearts go with Falstaff to the

Fleet, or, if necessary, to Arthur's bosom or wheresoever he is.

In the remainder of the article I will try to make this view clear. And to this end we must go back to the Falstaff of the body of the two plays, the immortal Falstaff, a character almost purely humorous, and therefore no subject for moral judgments. I can but draw an outline, and must be content in describing one aspect of the character to hold another in reserve.

Up to a certain point Falstaff is ludicrous in the same way as a good many other characters, the distinction of Shakespeare's creation being, so far, chiefly the *abundance* of ludicrous traits. *Why* we should laugh at a man with a huge belly and corresponding appetites; at the inconveniences he suffers on a hot day, or in playing the footpad, or when he falls down and there are no levers at hand to lift him up again; at the incongruity of his unwieldy bulk and the nimbleness of his spirit, the infirmities of his age and his youthful lightness of heart; at the monstrosity of his lies and wiles, and the suddenness of their exposure and frustration; at the contrast between his reputation and his real character, seen most absurdly when, at the mere mention of his name, a redoubted rebel surrenders to him—*why*, I say, we should laugh at these and many such things, this is no place to inquire; but unquestionably we do. Here we have them poured out in endless profusion and with that appearance of careless ease which is so fascinating in Shakespeare; and with the enjoyment of them I believe many readers stop. But while they are quite essential to the character, there is in it much more. For these things by themselves do not explain *why*, beside laughing at Falstaff, we are made happy by him and laugh *with* him. He is not, like Pargolles, a mere *object* of mirth.

The main reason why he makes us so

happy and puts us so entirely at our ease is that he himself is happy and entirely at his ease. "Happy" is too weak a word; he is in bliss, and we share his glory. Enjoyment—no fitful pleasure crossing a dull life, nor any vacant convulsive mirth—but a rich deep-toned chuckling enjoyment circulates continually through all his being. If you ask *what* he enjoys, no doubt the answer is, in the first place, eating and drinking, taking his ease at his inn, and the company of other merry souls. Compared with these things, what we consider the graver interests of life are nothing to him. But then, while we are under his spell, we do not consider these graver interests; gravity is to us, as to him, inferior to gravity; and what he does enjoy he enjoys with such a luscious and good-humored zest that we sympathize and he makes us happy. And if any one objected, we should answer with Sir Toby Belch, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

But this, again, is far from all. Falstaff's ease and enjoyment are not simply those of the happy man of appetite; they are those of the humorist, and the humorist of genius. Instead of being comic to you and serious to himself, he is more ludicrous to himself than to you; and he makes himself out more ludicrous than he is, in order that he and others may laugh. Prince Hall never made such sport of Falstaff's person as he himself did. It is *he* who says that his skin hangs about him like an old lady's loose gown, and that he walks before his page like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. And he jests at himself when he is alone just as when others are by. It is the same with his appetites. The direct enjoyment they bring him is scarcely so great as the enjoyment of laughing at this enjoyment; and for all his addiction to sack you never see him for an instant with a brain dulled by

it, or a temper turned solemn, silly, quarrelsome or pious. The virtue it instills into him, of filling his brain with nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes—this, and his humorous attitude towards it, free him, in a manner, from slavery to it; and it is this freedom, and no secret longing for better things (those who attribute such a longing to him are far astray), that makes his enjoyment contagious and prevents our sympathy with it from being disturbed.

The bliss of freedom gained in humor is the essence of Falstaff. His humor is not directed only or chiefly against obvious absurdities; he is the enemy of everything that would interfere with his ease, and therefore of everything serious, and especially of everything respectable and moral. For these things impose limits and obligations, and make us the subjects of old father antic the law, and the moral imperative, and our station and its duties, and conscience, and reputation, and other people's opinions, and all sorts of nuisances. I say he is therefore their enemy; but I do him wrong; to say that he is their enemy implies that he regards them as serious and recognizes their power, but in truth he refuses to recognize them at all. They are to him absurd; and to reduce a thing *ad absurdum* is to reduce it to nothing and to walk about free and rejoicing. This is what Falstaff does with all the would-be serious things of life, sometimes only by his words, sometimes by his actions too. He will make truth appear absurd by solemn statements, which he utters with perfect gravity and which he expects nobody to believe; and honor, by demonstrating that it cannot set a leg, and that neither the living nor the dead can possess it; and law, by evading all the attacks of its highest representative and almost forcing him to laugh at his own defeat; and patriotism, by filling his pockets with the bribes offered by competent

soldiers who want to escape service, while he takes in their stead the halt and maimed and the gaol-birds; and duty, by showing how he labors in his vocation—of thieving; and courage, alike by mocking at his own capture of Colville and gravely claiming to have killed Hotspur; and war, by offering the Prince his bottle of sack when he is asked for a sword; and religion, by amusing himself with remorse at odd times when he has nothing else to do; and the fear of death, by maintaining perfectly untouched, in the face of imminent peril and even while he *feels* the fear of death, the very same power of dissolving it in persiflage that he shows when he sits at ease in his inn. These are the wonderful achievements which he performs, not with the discontent of a cynic, but with the gaiety of a boy. And, therefore, we praise him, we laud him, for he offends none but the virtuous and denies that life is real or life is earnest, and delivers us from the oppression of such nightmares and lifts us into the atmosphere of perfect freedom.

No one in the play understands Falstaff fully, any more than Hamlet was understood by the persons around him. They are both men of genius. Mrs. Quickly and Bardolph are his slaves, but they know not why. "Well, fare thee well," says the hostess whom he has pillaged and forgiven; "I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peas-cod time, but an honest and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee well." Poins and the Prince delight in him; they get him into corners for the pleasure of seeing him escape in ways they cannot imagine; but they often take him much too seriously. Poins, for instance, rarely sees, the Prince does not always see, what moralizing critics never see, that when Falstaff speaks ill of a companion behind his back, or writes to the Prince that

Poins spreads it abroad that the Prince is to marry his sister, he knows quite well that what he says will be repeated, or rather, perhaps, is absolutely indifferent whether it be repeated or not, being certain that it can only give him an opportunity for humor. It is the same with his lying, and almost the same with his cowardice, the two main vices laid to his charge even by sympathetic critics. Falstaff is neither a liar nor a coward in the usual sense, like the typical cowardly boaster of comedy. He tells his lies either for their own humor, or on purpose to get himself into a difficulty. He rarely expects to be believed, perhaps never. He abandons a statement or contradicts it the moment it is made. There is scarcely more intent in his lying than in the humorous exaggerations which he pours out in soliloquy just as much as when others are by. Poins and the Prince understand this in part. You see them waiting eagerly to convict him, not that they may really put him to shame, but in order to enjoy the greater lie that will swallow up the less. But their sense of humor lags behind his. Even the Prince seems to take as half-grave Falstaff's sudden transition from remorse to glee at the idea of taking a purse, and his request to his friend to bestride him if he should see him down in the battle.

Again, the attack of the Prince and Poins on Falstaff and the other thieves on Gadshill is contrived, we know, with a view to the incomprehensible lies it will induce him to tell. But when, more than rising to the occasion, he turns two men in buckram into four, and then seven, and then nine, and then eleven, almost in a breath, I believe they partly misunderstand his intention, and the great majority of his critics misunderstand it altogether. Shakespeare was not writing a mere farce. It is preposterous to suppose that a man of Falstaff's intelligence

would utter these gross, palpable, open lies with the serious intention to deceive, or forget that, if it was too dark for him to see his own hand, he could hardly see that the three misbegotten knaves were wearing Kendal green. No doubt, if he *had* been believed he would have been hugely tickled at it, but he no more expected to be believed than when he claimed to have killed Hotspur. Yet he is supposed to be serious even then. Such interpretations are really destructive of Shakespeare's whole conception; and of those who adopt them one might ask this out of some twenty similar questions:—When Falstaff, in the men in buckram scene, begins by calling twice at short intervals for sack, and then a little later calls for more and says, "I am a rogue if I drunk to-day," and the Prince answers, "O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last," do they think that *that* lie was meant to deceive? And if not, why do they take it for granted that the others were? I suppose they consider that Falstaff was in earnest when, wanting to get twenty-two yards of satin on trust from Master Dumbleton, the silk-mercator, he offered Bardolph as security; or when he said to the Chief Justice about Mrs. Quickly, who accused him of breaking his promise to marry her, "My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you"; or when he explained his enormous bulk by saying, "A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder"; or when he accounted for his voice being cracked by saying that he had "lost it with singing of anthems"; or even when he sold his soul on Good-Friday to the devil for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg. Falstaff's lies about Hotspur and the men in buckram do not essentially differ from these statements. There is nothing serious in any of them except the refusal to take anything seriously.

This is also the explanation of Falstaff's cowardice, a subject on which I can say little that was not said a hundred and thirty years ago in Maurice Morgann's essay; but as that essay is so little known a few words may be in place. That Falstaff sometimes behaves in what we should generally call a cowardly way is certain, but that does not show that he was a coward; and if we mean by a coward a person who feels painful fear in the presence of danger, and yields to that fear in spite of his better feelings and convictions, then I confidently say that Falstaff was no coward. The stock bully and boaster is one, but not Falstaff. It is perfectly clear in the first place, that though he had unfortunately a reputation for stabbing and caring not what mischief he did if his weapon were out, he had not a reputation for cowardice. Shallow remembered him five-and-fifty years ago breaking Scogan's head at the court-gate when he was a crack not thus high; and Shallow knew him later a good back-swordsman. Then we lose sight of him till about twenty years after, when his association with Bardolph began; and that association implies that by the time he was thirty-five or forty he had sunk into the mode of life we witness in the plays. Yet, even as we see him there, he remains a person of consideration in the army. Twelve captains hurry about London searching for him. He is present at the Council of War in the King's tent at Shrewsbury, where the only other persons are the King, the two princes, a nobleman and Sir Walter Blunt. The messenger who brings the false report of the battle to Northumberland mentions, as one of the important incidents, the death of Sir John Falstaff. Colville, expressly described as a famous rebel, surrenders to him as soon as he hears his name. And if his own wish that his name were not so terrible to the enemy, and his own boast of his

European reputation, are not evidence of the first rank, they must not be entirely ignored in presence of these other facts. What do these facts mean? Does Shakespeare put them all in with no purpose at all, or in defiance of his own intentions? It is not credible.

And when, in the second place, we look at Falstaff's actions, what do we find? He boldly confronted Colville, he was quite willing to fight with him, however pleased that Colville, like a kind fellow, gave himself away. When he saw Henry and Hotspur fighting, instead of making off in a panic, he stayed to take his chance if Hotspur should be the victor. He led his 150 ragamuffins where they were peppered, he did not send them. To draw upon Pistol and force him downstairs and wound him in the shoulder was no great feat, perhaps, but the stock coward would have shrunk from it. When the Sheriff came to the inn to arrest him for an offence whose penalty was death, and Falstaff was hidden behind the arras, he did not stand there quaking for fear, he immediately fell asleep and snored. When he stood in the battle meditating on what would happen if the weight of his paunch should be increased by that of a bullet, he cannot have been in a tremor of craven fear. He never shows such fear; and surely the man who, in danger of his life, *soliloquizes* thus: "I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath. Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked-for and there's an end," is not what we commonly call a coward.

"Well," it will be answered, "but he ran away on Gadshill; and when Douglas attacked him he fell down and shammed dead." Yes, I am thankful to say, he did. For of course he did not want to be dead. He wanted to live and be merry. And as he had reduced the idea of honor *ad absurdum*, had scarcely any self-respect, and only

a respect for reputation as a means to life, naturally he avoided death when he could do so without a ruinous loss of reputation, and (observe) with the satisfaction of playing a colossal practical joke. For *that* after all was his first object. If his one thought had been to avoid death he would not have faced Douglas at all, but would have run away as fast as his legs could carry him; and unless Douglas had been one of those exceptional Scotchmen who have no sense of humor he would never have thought of pursuing so ridiculous an object as Falstaff running. So that he is accurately described by Poins, who says to the Prince about Bardolph, Peto and Falstaff: "For two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms." It is exactly thus that, according to the original stage direction, Falstaff behaves when Henry and Poins attack him and the others. The rest run away at once; Falstaff here, as afterwards with Douglas, fights for a blow or two, but finding himself deserted and outmatched, runs away also. Of course. He saw no reason to stay. Any man who had risen superior to all serious motives would have run away. But it does not follow that he would run from fear, or be, in the ordinary sense, a coward.

I have tried, as well as I could in so short a space, to make clear the view¹ that the main source of our sympathetic delight in Falstaff is this humorous superiority to everything serious, and the freedom of soul enjoyed in it. But, of course, this is not the whole of his character. Shakespeare knew well enough that perfect freedom is not to be gained in this manner; we are ourselves aware of it even while we are

¹ I am indebted here to Rotscher, "Shakespeare in seinen höchsten Charaktergebilden" (1864).

sympathizing with Falstaff; and as soon as we regard him seriously it becomes obvious. His freedom is limited in two main ways. For one thing he cannot rid himself entirely of respect for all that he professes to ridicule. He shows a certain pride in his rank: unlike the Prince, he is haughty to the drawers, who call him a proud Jack. He is not really quite indifferent to reputation. When the Chief Justice bids him pay his debt to Mrs. Quickly, for his reputation's sake, I think he feels a twinge, though to be sure he proceeds to pay her by borrowing from her. He is also stung by any thoroughly serious imputation on his courage, and winces at the recollection of his running away on Gadshill; he knows that his behavior there certainly looked cowardly, and perhaps he remembers that he would not have behaved so once. It is, further, very significant that, for all his dissolute talk, he has never yet allowed the Prince and Poins to see him as they saw him afterwards with Doll Tearsheet; not, of course, that he has any moral shame in the matter, but he knows that in such a situation he, in his old age, must appear contemptible—not a humorist but a mere object of mirth. And, finally, he has affection in him—affection, I think, for Poins and Bardolph; certainly for the Prince—and that is a thing which he cannot jest out of existence. Hence, as the effect of his rejection shows, he is not really invulnerable. And then in the second place, since he is in the flesh, his godlike freedom has consequences and conditions; consequences, for there is something painfully wrong with his great toe; conditions, for he cannot eat and drink for ever without money, and he can find no remedy for this consumption of the purse. As the Chief Justice tells him, his means are very slender and his waste great; and his answer, "I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and

my waist slenderer," though worth much money, brings none in. And so he is driven to evil deeds; not only to cheating his tailor like a gentleman, but to fleecing Justice Shallow, and to highway robbery, and to cruel depredations on the poor woman whose affections he has secured. All this is perfectly consistent with the other side of his character, but by itself it makes an ugly picture.

Yes, it makes an ugly picture when you look at it seriously. But then, surely, so long as the humorous atmosphere is preserved and the humorous attitude maintained, you do not look at it so. You no more regard Falstaff's misdeeds morally than you do the much more atrocious misdeeds of Punch or Reynard the Fox. You do not exactly ignore them, but you attend only to their comic aspect. This is the very spirit of comedy, and certainly of Shakespeare's comic world, which is one of make-believe, not merely as his tragic world is, but in a further sense—a world in which gross improbabilities are accepted with a smile, and many things are welcomed as merely laughable which, regarded gravely, would excite anger and disgust. The intervention of a serious spirit breaks up such a world, and would destroy our pleasure in Falstaff's company. Accordingly through the greater part of these dramas Shakespeare carefully confines this spirit to the scenes of war and policy, and dismisses it entirely in the humorous parts. Hence, if *Henry IV.* had been a comedy like *Twelfth Night*, I am sure that he would no more have ended it with the painful disgrace of Falstaff than he ended *Twelfth Night* by disgracing Sir Toby Belch.

But *Henry IV.* was to be in the main a historical play, and its chief hero Prince Henry. In the course of it his greater and finer qualities were to be gradually revealed, and it was to end with beautiful scenes of reconciliation

and affection between his father and him, and the final emergence of the wild Prince as a just, wise, stern, and glorious King. Hence, no doubt, it seemed to Shakespeare that Falstaff at last must be disgraced, and must therefore appear no longer as the invincible humorist, but as an object of ridicule and even of aversion. And probably also his poet's insight showed him that Henry, as he conceived him, *would* behave harshly to Falstaff in order to impress the world, especially when his mind had been wrought to a high pitch by the scene with his dying father and the impression of his own solemn consecration to great duties.

This conception was a natural and a fine one; and if the execution was not an entire success, it is yet full of interest. Shakespeare's purpose being to work a gradual change in our feelings towards Falstaff, and to tinge the humorous atmosphere more and more deeply with seriousness, you see him carrying out this purpose in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* Here he separates the Prince from Falstaff as much as he can, thus withdrawing him from Falstaff's influence, and weakening in our minds the connection between the two. In the First Part we constantly see them together; in the Second (it is a remarkable fact) only once before the rejection. Further, in the scenes where Henry appears apart from Falstaff, we watch him growing more and more grave, and awakening more and more poetic interest; while Falstaff, though his humor scarcely flags to the end, exhibits more and more of his seamy side. This is nowhere turned to the full light in Part I.; but in Part II. we see him as the heartless destroyer of Mrs. Quickly, as a ruffian seriously defying the Chief Justice because his position as an officer on service gives him power to do wrong, as the pike preparing to snap up the poor old dace Shallow, and (this is the one scene where Henry and

he meet) as the worn-out lecher, not laughing at his servitude to the flesh but sunk in it. Finally, immediately before the rejection, the world where he is king is exposed in all its sordid criminality when we find Mrs. Quickly and Doll arrested for being concerned in the death of one man, if not more, beaten to death by their bullies; and the dangerousness of Falstaff is emphasized in his last words as he hurries from Shallow's house to London, words at first touched with humor but at bottom only too seriously meant: "Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice." His dismissal to the Fleet by the Chief Justice is the dramatic vengeance for that threat.

Yet all these excellent devices fail. They cause us momentary embarrassment at times when repellent traits in Falstaff's character are disclosed; but they fail to change our attitude of humor into one of seriousness, and our sympathy into repulsion. And they were bound to fail, because Shakespeare shrank from adding to them the one device which would have ensured success. If, as the Second Part of *Henry IV.* advanced, he had clouded over Falstaff's humor so heavily that the man of genius turned into the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives*, we should have witnessed his rejection without a pang. This Shakespeare was too much of an artist to do—though even in this way he did something; and without this device he could not succeed. As I said, in the creation of Falstaff he overreached himself. He was caught up on the wind of his own genius, and carried so far that he could not descend to earth at the intended spot. It is not a misfortune that happens to many authors, nor is it one we can regret, for it costs us but a trifling inconvenience in one scene, while we owe

to it perhaps the greatest comic character in literature. For it is in this character, and not in the judgment he brings upon Falstaff's head, that Shakespeare asserts his supremacy. To show that Falstaff's freedom of soul was in part illusory, and that the realities of life refused to be conjured away by his humor—this was what we might expect from Shakespeare's unfailing sanity, but it was surely no remarkable

achievement beyond the power of lesser men. The achievement was Falstaff himself and the conception of that freedom of soul, a freedom illusory only in part, and attainable only by a mind which had received from Shakespeare's own that inexplicable touch of infinity which he bestowed on Hamlet and Macbeth and Cleopatra, but denied to Henry the Fifth.

A. C. Bradley.

The Fortnightly Review.

"ON THE OLD TRAIL."

(Bret Harte, May 5th, 1902.)

Long and long we rode behind you.
Comrade, on the olden trail;
By the cañon, by the mesa,
Hearts of ours caught up your hail.

Where the golden poppies flicker
On the foot-hills' slope to-day,
Where the burnt breath of the sage bush
Lingers faintly by the way.

How the hurrying hoof-beats clattered
In those keener hours of old;
Frolic death and grimmest living
Playing out their game for gold.

Card and pistol lie together,
Lightly dropped as life to dust;
Lonely by the ravished river
Sinks the pick to idle rust.

Quenched the lights of camp and village
And the hearts that quickened there,
When men laughed and starved together
With a gambler's jest for prayer.

All has passed, and you must follow
From the far Sierran line,
From the Redwoods' builded shadow,
Wanderer of the "Forty-nine."

Since none turns or slackens bridle
On that trail where you are bound;
Rest be yours and comrades' welcome
At the last, long camping-ground!

The Spectator.

Dora Greenwell McChesney.

THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

The preparations for the break-up began on the Wednesday morning. Edward went back to London, and the Miss Tremaddocks went to Beachcombe, where Viola was to join them as soon as Lady Crosby could get away. And why, the aunts had said, should not Beachcombe do for Lady Crosby and the children? There was an excellent preparatory school for Giles, and a kindergarten for the little girls. They even knew of a nice little vacant house, Rowanside, not too dear, and suitable. There was a garden, no sea view certainly, but it was very pleasant and could be let furnished. Lady Crosby acquiesced in the idea, for the present at any rate, and without a day's delay she began the long business of separating her own property, accounting for all the rest, arranging, destroying, planning—there were quantities of things to be settled. Caradoc, when he went away, could take up his abode for the time with his Uncle Quince. For the present he must be on the spot, and he would not live alone at Cathrigg Hall, which could be shut up and left in charge of old Caleb and his wife.

Viola had to attend to her own various possessions, to settle how to dispose of her pets, to make up her mind to leave home "for good" as much as if she had been married to George Winterton.

On the surface there was nothing but small business and small worries, the tragedy lurked behind.

One day soon after the funeral Caradoc went up to Greenhead Howe. He found Mr. Quince by his study fire,

rheumatic and sad, but ready to welcome him heartily.

"Eh, Crad," he said, "I'm glad to see you. When are you coming up here to stay."

"The mother thinks she can get off on Tuesday week," said Crad. "I think she wants to get away as soon as possible."

"Crad," said Quince, "you know she gave me a note found in your father's pocket—afterwards? I am not going to tell you what lay between us through all these years, it's laid to rest now. My brother never forgot it. He was the finest man I ever saw, and your mother, Crad, was the loveliest woman. Those ladies, your aunts, have the tones of her voice now and again. But not her face. Well, it's hard to forget a first love; but, Crad, it can be done when the world is open to a man, and it's a far better thing to do it."

"Oh yes, it can be done," said Crad, coloring. "I think it's easier than to forget one's own people and one's father's house. To give up to that beastly Hydro, is like tearing the heart out of one's body. I shall never get over that. But it's got to be done. There's no alternative."

"You're young, my dear lad; you can begin again somewhere else."

"Where?" said Caradoc. "I must take my aunts' money and go as they say to 'a colony.' What colony? You might as soon stick a Marsdale heron down on the Ganges!"

"You're not a heron, Crad; you're a man. Civilized man isn't meant to go by primitive inborn impulses. He's got to be master of his fate, and to suit himself to new environments."

Caradoc sat in silence and looked at his boots.

"Ah," said Quince, "you're saying that the old heron's stuck to the nest all his days. You don't know, lad, though you may guess, why that was, and I shan't tell you. Your wings are sound. Besides, you couldn't live as I have. My brains have saved me. I can study and think. But you're not so intellectual a fellow, Crad, and more sociable. You wouldn't care to work out new scientific theories all alone. And Biddums is an old woman, and there's none to come after her."

"Uncle," said Crad, conquering the speechless sullenness of unhappy youth, "I'm not a fool, and I have an aim in life. I want to pick up the name if I can't save the place. But I don't think I'm the sort for a colony. More fellows go under than my aunts think, and they can't give me enough capital to command success. Besides, there's Vl. She'll be like a bird that's migrated to the wrong country. She ought to be looked after. I want to earn a decent living in my own country. I'd like the last of the Crosbys to be known to be a decent fellow. When one comes up to the top again after—after—the Hydro. is in possession, don't you think I could get a land agency somewhere? People were very civil the other day. I think they'd rather Sir Caradoc Crosby wasn't a beggar."

Caradoc stopped rather abruptly. It had been a tremendous effort to show his best and not his worst side, to do the reasonable thing that made his reasonable project possible.

"There was your godfather," said Mr. Quince, "your godfather, Morgan. I suppose he is alive still."

"I don't know. I think I have heard of him. Who is he?"

"Well, he's really your distant cousin, on your mother's side. He had money, and I believe he lost it in some American speculations and got it back. There was a quarrel with your grandfather Tremaddock. I wonder if he's living."

"I've hardly heard of him," repeated Crad. "Why didn't you go to a colony, Uncle Quince, and begin again, when—when you didn't see an opening here? Colonies were more to the front in those days and better speculations."

"Well, Crad," said Mr. Quince, sitting up and speaking with emphasis, "because I'd no pluck. Because nothing seemed worth the loss of a quiet hole in which to hide my head. Because I'd no enterprise, Crad, and couldn't bring success with an effort. Because I wasn't half a man, and drifted, and let myself drift. Because I'd nothing to live for, and it didn't seem worth while to blow my brains out. And because dogs and books—and a pipe remained still to me. And I'm made so that it's still a pleasant thing to behold the sun. It was nobody's business, And I had two hundred a year, to my undoing. You haven't."

Caradoc had grown rather pale. It all seemed so natural to him.

"I'm a frightful example for you, Crad," his uncle continued in his usual tone. "A warning of what you may come to. Take it."

Caradoc stood up and leant back against the mantelpiece looking down at his uncle.

"I will take example, uncle Quince; I'll try and live for thirty years so that no one can say a word against me, if—if I do have to fall back on my dog and my pipe. I've been an awful fool and worse. And my father never forgave me. But I'll do you credit, uncle Quince, yet."

Uncle Quince blew his nose, gripped the young man's shoulder and said nothing. And presently Caradoc went on:

"I'm going to fight it out," he said. "I could be a great man's secretary, you know, manage his library and his correspondence, as well as look after his estate. I've learnt something at Ashenhead."

There was a light in Caradoc's eyes and a force in his tones, which showed that hope and enterprise were alive within him.

In his heart he thought that he would do ill to leave poor old Quince solitary to the neighborhood of the "Hydro." Whatever Crad's faults might be, he had a faithful heart, and obligations to the lame dogs that have never got over their stiles are not always compatible with vigorous personal ambitions.

On the next day he went over to Ashenhead to "fetch his things."

Mr. Elsworthy's letter had not encouraged a visit; but Caradoc meant to declare himself in his new character.

The short cut to River Street from the station was across the fields. As Caradoc hastened along the familiar footpath, he was not without hopes that Elsie might be taking Quince for an airing before dinner. The day was fine, the grass was getting its freshest green, the palms by the riverside were full of soft yellow balls, the meadow flowers were coming. There were the gray walls of the back gardens of River Street. Yes, and here was something alive and vigorous, wriggling in the long grass of the river bank.

Caradoc whistled. The wriggling creature stopped, two ears appeared, upright and attentive, then the whole dog emerged, rejoicing, but conscious.

"Quince, you've run away, you're out without leave, you scamp!" said Crad, who knew dog's language; and surely in a moment there sounded the familiar call, a little anxious—

"Quince, Quince!"

"Here he is," said Caradoc, advancing with rapid steps. And Elsie, pink, radiant, startled, and yet not astonished—for when was the world empty of thought and possibility of his presence?—stood on the path. Their hands were locked—their eyes met eagerly.

"I've come to fetch my things and to see your father," said Caradoc.

"Come in," said Elsie, breathlessly. He had come without delay—without doubt—just the same as ever! No, not quite the same. Elsie thought that he was handsomer than she had guessed—and different. But oh, he had come!

"Will you take one turn with me first?" he said, and she turned and walked on by his side. "Things have been strange—and terrible," he said. "Your father will not let me come back here in my own name, and of course as soon as I knew what I hoped from you, I saw how wrong I had been to bear any other. Elsie, when all's done, I shan't have a penny or an acre. I'm afraid I shall still have debts. I'm going to try as secretary or land-agent, or something, to earn an honest living and an honest name. Then I shall come to you again."

"You will be welcome," said Elsie, very low, and with something of her aunt's gentle formality.

"That gives me strength," he said. "And our lives won't be quite divided. Viola is going to our aunts at Beachcombe. My stepmother will live there. You will see them, when you go there to stay, and you will be kind to poor Vi, won't you?"

"I—I like Viola!" said Elsie, inadequately. "But all was so different for you here, and—and—you might marry an heiress, and forget me."

Elsie had begun in a quite impersonal tone, as if she were considering an abstract problem, but the last words came out in a little sob, and she felt him dearer every moment, while she felt more and more keenly what the difficulties were.

"Might I?" said Crad, with a sudden increase of cheerfulness. "Well, we will see! You are the star behind the clouds, the light at the end of the darkness, and if I forget you, Elsie, my good luck—may, may God Himself forget me."

His eyes flashed, his voice took a

new tone, but Elsie got herself in hand.

"No!" she said. "I'll take no promises. You must see."

She opened the garden gate and walked rapidly up the path, leading him on by the familiar way into the sitting-room where Miss Elsworthy was.

"Sir Caradoc Crosby, Aunt Sophy," she said in a clear little voice. "Father will not be in to dinner. He has gone to see the headmaster about the school museum."

"Oh, yes," said Caradoc, "I remember, they were to take over our duplicates. I am still the assistant curator, Miss Elsworthy, and I think I had better go and put them out."

Elsie went off to see after the dinner. He would sit down with them once again, and once more she might care for his comfort.

"Thee has been in trouble, friend Caradoc Crosby," said Miss Elsworthy, and her tone showed quite as strong a sense of his new position as if she had used the title which she avoided.

"Yes," said Caradoc. "I am in great trouble still. The break-up of our home is complete and very terrible, and, as you know, I am left to bear it alone. I can't afford to lose any friends I have; trouble makes them dearer."

"Will thee sit down?" said Miss Elsworthy. "I have something to say to thee. Thee has behaved well, first in thy silence to David and then in thy speech, and now in coming here under thy new name. But thee knows, and we know, that it would be a very unusual thing for thee to enter into a marriage engagement with my niece Elsie. Thee knows thy poverty does not make it more likely to be welcome to thy friends. Thy life here was an episode for thee—a time apart. It may be but as a dream when one awaketh to thee. We regret that thou and Elsie have found favor with each other, for

she is young, and if she is faithful to thee, and thou to her, it will cost her much. Thee has much to do, and something I fear to repent of, before thee is free to take her to thyself. Thee has to prove the Lord's will in the matter."

"Miss Elsworthy," said Caradoc, "the railway accident and Mr. Elsworthy's goodness saved me from utter destruction. Here, in peace and rest, I found myself. If—if there is a guiding hand over our lives, it worked there. I should have gone down to the depths. I've got now to show Mr. Elsworthy that I have the means to marry; there's no need to go behind that. But I've come here to-day to say that I mean to show him. I'm not changed since I was here. It can't hurt Elsie to know that I love her. Now, let us be for to-day just as we used to be."

"Thee is now thyself," said Miss Elsworthy, with a little inward smile.

Caradoc collected his few possessions, he went into the museum and looked round it with regretful affection, into the shop and shook hands with his former fellows. He put Quince through all the tricks which he had begun to teach him. He was grave, with the weight upon him of trouble and responsibility, and he said little about home affairs. He treated Elsie with a deference, behind which he veiled the ardor which he dared not fully express. Still he was different, and in their hearts they wondered how he had ever served in his place as the assistant curator. And Elsie was half proud, half sad; for be he as poor as he might, this was the prince seeking the maiden, not the apprentice raising his eyes to his master's daughter.

When Mr. Elsworthy came back, he made his statement over again of poverty, and resolution of love and faith.

He should write, and he should come back, he said; and David repeated his daughter's words, and said:

"You will be welcome—Sir Caradoc—when you wish to come."

"Oh," said Crad wistfully, "I'd like you to call me Charles as you did when you were kind. It is my name, I have three Cs for my initials."

David Elsworthy shook his head and grasped his hand.

"Charles Cross is gone," he said; "we will look Sir Caradoc in the face."

"Then say, as Miss Sophy did, 'Friend Caradoc.'"

"Yes," said David Elsworthy; "I have found you a worthy friend. I'll 'change that name with you,' be the future what it may."

He went, with only a "friend's" good-bye to Elsie, who gave him no chance of more private words.

The new name had not been used in public, but when the little maid and the shop errand-boy compared the handsome "tips," which, spite of poverty, instinct had compelled the late assistant to leave behind him, they knew very well that Mr. Cross was Mr. Cross no longer, but a great gentleman, who had disguised himself for love of Miss Elsie and who would soon make her a great lady.

And this was one story which was generally told in Ashenhead circles. There were others less favorable to the late assistant.

CHAPTER XX.

A WOLF'S HEAD.

The move to Beachcombe took place after the Easter holidays. Lady Crosby continued to be calm, energetic and business-like to the last. Caradoc and Viola believed that she did not feel as they did, and, in the sense that she did not share their violent emotions, this was perhaps true. She was a mother, and her three young children were left to her, and would now be hers to bring up in her own ideas of what was fitting for them, and she had never felt any

enthusiasm for the wild cold world of Marsdale. But she had been deeply attached to the strong, difficult, unfortunate man whom she had married, and for whom she had done so much, and she felt that her personal life, troubled as it had been, was over, and that henceforth another stage of existence must begin for her. Viola suffered the anguish of a dumb animal. She did not try to resist Edward and Caradoc, who both told her that she must go to Beachcombe; but she was miserable with a misery inconceivable to a more disciplined and articulate being.

She was not without principle. Her notion of submission was to do the thing that had to be done; it had never occurred to her to soften or modify her feelings. She suffered the agony of the uprooted savage, the sold dog, the cat taken to a strange place. In after years she said that it felt like being slowly drawn out of her skin. She knew nothing of her young powers of growth and change. She said nothing, perhaps she scarcely thought distinctly, but if unspoken, inarticulate hatred could have blasted the prospects of the future Hydropathic Establishment then would Viola's blue eyes have been evil; she would have "overlooked" the hateful thing like any witch, white or black, among her West-country ancestry. And yet she knew, with the practical side of her, that she had got to live. She asked for no sympathy and no one ever gave her any. One old Marsdale terrier, Bob, who had belonged to Sir Caradoc, went with Lady Crosby, but Vi took no pets. Her aunts had a Persian cat and a dachshund already in possession, "nasty little mean spoilt things," Vi called them. No Marsdale puppy should be scratched by Bluebeard and snubbed and pushed about by Fritz.

She avoided all good-byes, and did not soften even to Crad, who was too

unhappy himself to try to encourage or to comfort her.

His half self had similar feelings, but they were counteracted by responsibility and by the need of action; and besides, as he had told Elsie, there was a star behind the storm-wracked clouds.

Nobody thought much of the little children, whose fate had been settled over their heads, but on the evening before the move, as Caradoc stood looking out from the hall door over the rough peatland, at the gray rocks beyond, little Giles came round the corner of the house and spoke to him.

"Crad," he said, standing in front of his brother, with his hands in his knickerbocker pockets.

"Well," said Crad, "what is it?"

"Everything belongs to you now, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Crad; "such as it is, it does."

"And you're going to sell it all?"

"Yes," said Crad, "I must."

"I'm next, aren't I?" said Giles.

"Well, you are. If there'd been an entail, old lad, I couldn't have sold anything till you come of age. But there isn't, and your mother and your other guardian, Ned, quite approve of what I'm doing. I tell you so, that when you're older you may remember it."

Little Giles turned his head and looked up at Cathrigg Fell.

"I'm s—orry," he said, after a minute, in a choking voice. "I—I would do with a penny a week at school, if saving up would make any difference."

"No—Gilesey—boy, it wouldn't, and your mother sends you to school. But I'm glad you're a chip of the old block, and that you are sorry. People shall take off their hats to us yet."

He gripped the boy's shoulder with a comforting sense of brotherhood.

"There's only you and me," he said, "we'll stick together." And Giles grunted an assent.

Soon they were all gone, "the mother," and the children, and Vi, and Lawson, who had mended Crad's socks and rebuked him for spoiling his clothes for the last twelve years, and little Miss Woodley, who was to be left in London: all the household—all the home, that is, all that was left of it, were gone. Crad stood calm on the platform at Ashby, and a great depression fell on him.

He went back to Greenhead Howe, where Mr. Quince welcomed him, and Biddums made such festival as she could for him.

But the uncle and nephew were both miserable, and the "Hydro." seemed like a dragon about to devour their inheritance.

There was very little for Crad to do, though plenty for him to think about, and he wandered about through the familiar scenes, feeling wretched and hopeless, and as if Ashenhead and Elsie were but the creations of a dream.

Longings for change and escape began to come over him, feelings which he knew well, and which had always heralded trouble. Escape? Was there any escape from the effort of endurance and the need of action?

The escape which he had planned did not seem likely to be easily found. He had written to more than one of the family friends, proper and manly letters, asking if any chance of employment could be found for him. The answers were not encouraging and were certainly not cordial—less cordial, as it seemed to Caradoc, than their manner on the funeral-day; and by-and-by, as the days went on, he seemed to find a less friendly look on the faces of the neighbors as he went and came through the familiar valley.

Surely old tenants and old friends were not so tainted with a worldly spirit as to turn the cold shoulder upon a ruined man! The "Hydro." would

do them no harm; nay, it would bring work and money and life into the place. Already the Green Man at Ashby had benefited by the custom of its agents. The farms on the fell side would get lodgers, and there would be a market for fowls and eggs and butter. Labor of all sorts would be needed. Caradoc knew, as only those know who have been born and bred among any set of people, how hard the winters were, how poor the profits. He knew, too, how little they had ever been the richer for Cathrigg Hall.

But still—? He had been one of themselves, he spoke their tongue, he thought their thoughts, not one of them was a stranger, and to part from them tore those heart-strings which used, one may suppose, to vibrate to the claims of clan or vassals, and which even yet in some hearts send forth strong and pathetic notes. But nobody condoled with Sir Caradoc or gave him good words. His old friends were formal, respectful, and silent.

Did they think ill of him? But he knew that when Quince had hidden his head among them there had never been word or look to show that they knew why.

Did they blame him with regard to Agnes? Neither the Fletchers nor the Wilsons would have told a false tale about him, and he did not think that the truth would cause the neighbors to turn the cold shoulder upon him.

There was nothing that he could take hold of, while yet he felt a change. It was the more unaccountable that in the dreary wretched inspection of old letters and papers, in which he spent his evenings, he found a great deal that might well have chilled love and destroyed cordiality. The contemporaries of his father and grandfather must have known much of this, and yet they stood it all with stolid and uncritical patience.

Moreover, Crad's nerves, always sen-

sitive, could not recover from the frightful shock that had met his home coming. The figure of his father, erect and tall, looking at him for a moment with the wild gaze of one who knew not whether what he saw was flesh or spirit, and then the fall, the ruin, the fearful silence—all the terror of the scene—Caradoc lived through all this in dreams and in waking moments, and one day he resolved to go back to the fatal spot and see if any new impression could fill his mental eyesight.

His uncle was kind, and they talked with friendliness, and occasionally with interest, for Mr. Quince was a clever talker, but people who have lived for years in a solitude of mind and body cannot give themselves, except in short efforts, to the thoughts and being of another, and Quentin ceased to realize Crad, so to speak, when he lived beside him hour by hour, and fell back on his books, his dogs and his habitual thoughts for company and consolation.

It was on a late April day when spring, though still cold, was sweet in the air, when larks sang and rooks cawed loudly, that Caradoc went up the fell by the path he had taken on the day of his return, and made for the crossing of the beck. There had been rain enough to make every tiny spring and streamlet dance and shine in the sun, the gorse was growing golden, the bleat of the mountain sheep answered each other, from the rocks and slopes, over which their little black legs skipped, active as goats. There were lambs, even in that late country, appearing among them; two little woolly things were jumping and tumbling by their mother's side on the very spot where Caradoc had met his father. The stream with its tiny foaming cataracts, its deep dark pools, rushed down the fell; it "was most advantageous for the proposed Hydropathic establishment," as the agent thereof had re-

marked to Caradoc a short time previously.

Caradoc laughed bitterly to himself; he could not help thinking of the free mountain waters having to work and earn their living, even through the visions which he had come to see. And on the spot he did not see these, they seemed more than ever unreal to him.

As he turned away, he saw perched on a rocky knoll near at hand a group of children on their way home from school, all watching him with the utmost attention. He knew them all, wild brown-faced creatures, some with hair like tow and eyes as blue as the sky, others dark as gipsies. He turned and moved towards them.

"Well, Bessie," he said, "and Joe Matthews, how are you? And how's your father keeping?"

The children lifted their heads and listened like a herd of deer at the approach of a strange footstep; then, instead of the smiles, dips, and "Eh, Mr. Crad," which he expected, they fled helter-skelter as if a generation of school and civilization had never taught them the instincts of manners.

"One would think they had never seen me before," thought Crad, feeling strangely baffled and hurt. He went on up the fell, still in the direction of the farm where he had taken refuge on that night of despair, when he had found himself outcast, homeless and well-nigh without hope. It lay behind Cathrigg Fell, at the farthest edge of the Crosby property. The tenants were among the best on the estate, and Caradoc owed them the civility of a visit.

As he came round the shoulder of the hill, and within a few hundred yards of the house, suddenly Agnes Wilson came towards him with a basket on her arm. She had a little gray shawl over her head, pushed back so that he saw the great waves of that rare black hair, not shining but with the dull soft bloom of

a raven's wing. Her black dress showed the fine long lines of her figure, her great dark eyes softened as she saw him, and a deep blush came over her fine olive face.

Caradoc felt that she was the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen, as indeed she was. She made him a slight curtsy, and he lifted his hat and came forward holding out his hand.

"How are you Agnes?" he said. "I was very sorry to hear of your loss and trouble."

"Ay," she said, looking away from him as she gave her hand, "it was but a short time before he was taken."

"I ought," said Caradoc, "to beg your pardon, and his. Of course I know—I always knew he was a very good fellow."

"Ye did not really know him sir," said Agnes, "and 'tis all past. We're sorry to lose my lady and Miss Vi," she added with propriety.

"Yes," said Caradoc, sighing, "you'll soon see the last of us. You know Cathrigg is being sold?"

"Ay, sir, ye've known trouble too—bad trouble. It comes to us all, we canna be lads and lasses for ever."

"I was coming up to see Mrs. Thurston," said Caradoc.

"Indeed, sir, I am stopping with her to help a while. You'll maybe not recollect she's my mother's cousin. I shanna stop at home, now Matthew's got his wife."

"What shall you do then?" said Caradoc.

"I think, sir, I shall go to my aunt at the Green Man at Ashby, and manage the house for her, since she's an invalid. I'm going down to the Rigg Farm with some butter to-day. I'm very sorry to hear about Mr. Quentin. Seems but the other day he said good-bye to us."

"It seems a long time to me," said Caradoc.

Agnes was changed. From a shy, conscious girl she had grown into the self-possessed matron, saying just the right thing to the young master who was also an old playfellow, and ignoring the awkward episode of recent days. She prepared to move on.

"Good-day to you then," said Caradoc. "May I go and see your father?"

"Well, sir," said Agnes, "father is—slow to change his feelings."

"I understand. But I ought to go, and I think people have changed a good bit to me of late, which, perhaps, you'll say I deserve."

"Nay, sir, I do not say it," said Agnes with a slight emphasis. "And if you please to go to Swarth Ghyll, father will give you a—hearing."

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She walked on quickly, and Caradoc could not for a moment wonder at her words for the thrills of memory which came at the presence of herself.

"I don't think I need be ashamed of having loved that woman," he thought. "It was the best, not the worst thing I have to leave behind me, and she embodies all the spirit of the fells."

Agnes meanwhile walked fast out of sight, and then she turned and looked back. Who could guess at her thoughts and feelings? She had learned much, perhaps, in her six months of marriage. The tears welled up in her eyes as she looked back after him.

"I'll believe no harm of him," she said to herself. "He meant none by me. But that's all over now."

Christabel Coleridge.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH JOACHIM: MAKER OF MUSIC.

In the language of their own age the greatest artists speak for all time; which is as much as to say that they do not speak merely for posterity, and that they may be as far beyond the comprehension of a later age as they were beyond that of their own. The works of Palestrina and Shakespeare (to take the most widely different examples) were greeted by their contemporaries with an intelligent sympathy of which hardly a trace appeared in posterity until comparatively recent times; and even in cases like that of Beethoven, where there seems to have been a century of steady progress in the understanding of his work, it is rather humiliating to reflect how much of our superiority over our ancestors is merely negative. Beethoven was surrounded by brilliant musicians who worked for their own time and had not a word to say to us. Our ancestors had to single

Beethoven out from that dazzling crowd; but we have little more than vague ideas as to who was in the musical world a hundred years ago besides the venerable Haydn, then penning his last compositions, and Schubert, Weber, Cherubini, Spohr; in short, precisely those men who are too great and typical to be compared with each other. And in so far as we are thus incapable of realizing what it was in these great artists that was too new for their contemporaries to understand, we lose a certain insight which their comparatively few intelligent supporters possessed in an eminent degree, and we fall into the error of greatly underestimating the difficulty of classical art for ourselves. Indeed, an intelligent sympathy with great art is a privilege that is in all ages hardly won and easily lost. It is not the privilege of experts, nor even of remarkably clever

people; it probably needs nothing beyond the sensibilities necessary for the enjoyment of the art, controlled by such clearness of mind as will save us from the unconscious error of setting ourselves above the greatest artists of the present and past. It is astonishing how many disguises this error assumes; and it often has no more connection with conceit than bad logic has with fraud. The expert is always in danger of reasoning as if his fund of recent technical and æsthetic knowledge had raised his intellect to a higher plane than that of the great men of an earlier generation; the student is constantly mistaking the limitations of his own *technique* for laws of art, and doubting whether this or that in a great work is justifiable when he ought simply to realize that it is a thing he cannot possibly do himself; and (most insidious of all such confusions of thought) many persons of broad general culture allow their own legitimate pleasure in a work of art to be spoilt by the consciousness that there is so much that they do not understand; as if it were an insult to their intelligence to suppose that any work of art should be too great for them to grasp at once.

These very obvious considerations seem to be more neglected in the criticism of performances than in that of compositions; yet it would seem that the very great performer must be almost as far beyond his own age as the very great composer, with the disadvantage that his playing cannot survive him to meet with more justice from posterity. The object of the present sketch is to describe the permanent element in the life-work of one whom most persons of reasonably wide musical culture and knowledge believe to be probably the greatest interpreter of music the world has ever seen. It may seem a strained figure of speech to call the greatness of Joachim's play-

ing a permanent quality, except in the sense that it has more than stood the test of time as measured by his own career of over sixty years of unbroken triumph; but there can be no doubt that the influence of such playing on subsequent art, both creative and interpretative, must continue to be profound and vital long after the general public can trace it to its source in the personality of the great artist who originated it. The immortality for which the greatest artists work is a thing of fact rather than of fame. Bach wrote his two hundred odd cantatas, sparing no pains to make them as beautiful as only he could understand music to be; yet he not only knew that there was no prospect of their becoming known outside his own circle during his lifetime, but he cannot even have consoled himself with the hope of an immortality of fame for them afterwards; unless we are to suppose he foresaw such a glaringly improbable thing as their publication by the Bach-Gesellschaft on the centenary of his death! To such minds facts are facts even if the world forgets them, the artist aims at nothing but the perfection and growth of his art. He cheerfully uses it to earn an honest living, and nothing of human interest is too remote to be material for his art; but he remains undeterred by all that does not affect the matter in hand.

The desire for fame, contemporary or posthumous, as an end in itself, can no more explain the cantatas of Bach or the playing of Joachim than the desire for wealth or popularity. All men desire these things, for ulterior purposes, and many great men attain them; but to an artist the actuality of artistic production will always override all considerations of what the world will say or do when the work is finished. In extreme cases the artist is even blameworthy in his indifference to the fate of his work, as when a

great painter is heedless in the use of colors that are not permanent.

Joachim's unswerving devotion to the highest ideals of the interpretation of classical music is a striking illustration of this rigorous actuality in the true artist's guiding principles. A composer must have more serious purpose than the normal man of talent if he persists in doing far more careful and copious work than practical purposes demand, while he is all the time convinced, as Bach must have been, that this work will never become known. And this is yet more obviously true of a player; even if it be happily the case, as it certainly is with Joachim, that his efforts have met with the warm gratitude of the public throughout the whole musical world. Indeed, Joachim's success is as severe a test as his playing could possibly have had; for popular success cannot encourage an artist not absorbed in the realization of pure artistic ideals to maintain his playing at a height of spiritual excellence far beyond the capacity of popular intelligence. At the present day it is as true as as it always has been, that a student of music can measure his progress by the increase in his capacity to enjoy and learn from the performances of the Joachim Quartet: just as a scholar can measure his progress by his capacity to appreciate Milton. Here, then, we have work perfected for its own sake; work that must have been even so perfected if it had never been rewarded as it has been, for surely of all roads to popularity that which Joachim chose—the road of Bach and Brahms—was the most unpromising. The immortality of fact, not of name, is the only principle which will explain Joachim's career; indeed, it is the only explanation of his popular success. For, as is sometimes pointed out with unnecessary emphasis, he has attained his threescore years and ten; so that it is absurd to suppose that his present popularity can

still spring either from the novelty of scope, which was once the distinguishing feature of his as of other remarkable young players' *technique*, or from that capacity for following the fashion which he never had and never wanted. It is the permanent and spiritual element which makes his playing as profoundly moving now as it was in his youth, and that would remain as evident to all that have ears to hear, even if what is sometimes said of his advancing age were ten times true. As a matter of fact, Joachim's energy is that of many a strong man in his prime. I believe it cannot be generally known in England what an enormous amount of work he continues to do every day, apart from his concert-playing. As the original director of the great musical Hoch-Schule in Berlin, he continues to fill out his working-day with teaching, conducting, administering, and examining; while his numerous concerts, which we in England are apt to regard as the chief, if not the only, demand on his energy, are given in the intervals of this colossal work of teaching by which he has become a maker of minds no less than of music. His concert season in England—those few weeks crowded with engagements which leave barely time to travel from town to town to fulfil them—is in one sense his holiday; and while there are no doubt plenty of young artists who would be very glad of a fixed position in a great musical academy as a kind of base of operations for occasional concert tours, there are probably few who would not shrink from devoting themselves in old age to both these occupations as Joachim continues to devote himself at the present day. And his vigor seems, to those who have followed his work during the last eighteen months or so, to have increased afresh; certainly nothing can be less like the failing powers and narrowing sympathies of old age than his constant readiness to help young ar-

tists not only with advice and encouragement, but by infinite patience in taking part with them in their concerts. If all that he has done in such acts of generosity could be translated into musical compositions, the result would be like Bach's "fünf Jahrgänge Kirchen-cantaten," five works of art for every day in the year. In the presence of such an age it is the failings of youth that seem crabbed and unsympathetic. In boyhood the friend of Mendelssohn, whose wonderful piano-forte playing he can at this day describe to his friends as vividly as he can interpret Mendelssohn's violin concerto to the world at large; in youth the friend of Schumann, to whom he introduced his younger friend, Brahms; throughout life the friend of Brahms, whom he influenced as profoundly as Brahms influenced him; and in middle age one of the very first and most energetic in obtaining a hearing for the works of Dvorák: a man of such experience might rather be expected to become in the end a *laudator temporis acti*, with little heart to encourage the young. But Joachim was not born in 1831 that his experience might be useless to those who begin their work in the twentieth century; and there is no man living whose personal influence on all young artists who come into contact with him is more powerful or leaves the impression of a deeper sympathy.

It is not my intention to repeat here the glorious story of Joachim's career; his leading part in the building up of practically the whole present widespread public familiarity with classical chamber-music, including that of Schumann and Brahms; the remarkable history of his early relations with Liszt and Wagner at Weimar, so well set forth in Herr Moser's recent biography of Joachim, and so entirely different from the crude misunderstandings of the typical anti-Wagnerian; or even

the list of illustrious pupils who prove that Joachim's labor of love in the Hoch-Schule is not in vain. On the other hand, of Joachim the composer I have something to say, more especially as that is a capacity in which he has met with very scanty recognition; perhaps chiefly because his works are as few as they are beautiful, for music is not, like precious stones, famed in proportion to its rarity. Three concertos, five orchestral overtures (of which two are still unpublished, while the exquisitely humorous and fantastic Overture to a Comedy by Gozzi, though composed in 1856, has only just now appeared); these, with a moderately large volume of smaller pieces, such as the rich and thoughtful Variations for viola, and the later set for violin and orchestra, and several groups of pieces in lyric forms, are a body of work that is more likely to escape the preoccupied attention of the present age than that of the posterity that will judge of our art by its organization rather than by its tendencies. Perhaps we may hope for a more immediate recognition of the beauty of the newly published Overture to a Comedy by Gozzi; for its humor and lightness are a new revelation to the warmest admirers of Joachim's compositions, while it is second to none in perfection of form.

But let us turn from this subject for a moment to consider what is the real attitude of that public with whom Joachim as an interpreter is so popular. It is absurd to suppose that the public can completely understand the greatest instrumental music; that there is not much in the works of the great classical composers that is at least so far puzzling to them that they will prefer a coarse or one-sided interpretation to such a complete realization of the composer's meaning as Joachim gives. But fortunately the typical representative of the intelligent public is not the nervous and irritable man of culture who

is always distressing himself because he cannot grasp the whole meaning of a great work of art. The inexpert, common-sense lover of music, who represents the best of the concert-going public, never supposed that he could. All that he demands is that on the whole he shall be able to enjoy his music, and, unless it is exceptionally unfamiliar to him, he can generally enjoy a great part of it almost as intelligently as a trained musician, and often far more keenly, since he is less likely to suffer from over-familiarity with those artistic devices that mean intense emotion in great art and mere technical convenience in ordinary work. No doubt, the ordinary inexpert listener often fails to understand what is at once great and specially new to him; otherwise Bach would have been recognized from the outset as a profoundly emotional and popular composer. And, on the other hand, without the experience of constantly hearing the finest music even an intelligent man may easily be deceived into admiring what is thoroughly bad: indeed, it is a commonplace of pessimistic critics to point out that the audience that crowds a great hall to hear Joachim has been known in the very same concert to encore songs of a character altogether beneath criticism. But we often overrate the importance of such things. The public does not claim to be able to tell good from bad; it simply takes considerable trouble to enjoy what it can, being in that respect far more energetic and straightforward than many of those who would improve its taste. And if it often shows that it enjoys many things merely because it has not found out how horribly false they are, that is no proof whatever that its enjoyment of great art is spurious. No doubt it is sad to be victimized by false sentiment; but surely it is good to be stirred by true enthusiasm; and that the public can be so stirred without the

smallest concession being made either to its ignorance or its sentimentality the whole of Joachim's career triumphantly testifies. Since the time of Handel it is probable that no musician devoting himself exclusively to the most serious work in his art has approached Joachim's record of a continuous popularity rising yet, after more than sixty years, to new triumphs that excite the wonder of many whose interest in music is of too recent growth for them to remember the enormous influence he has always had on his contemporaries and juniors, or to realize that many things now regarded as of quite a new and even anti-academic school owe their vitality to the tradition which he has established. Surely the public that has learnt so well to recognize and testify to the greatness of such a life deserves forgiveness for many temporary errors of taste. It is more important to love good art than never to be deceived by bad.

In the face of Joachim's universal popularity, the accusations of "cold intellectuality" which have been every now and then directed against him by those whose ideal of art is the greatest astonishment of the greatest number, are not only signs of second-rate criticism but libels on the public. If there is one thing in which the public is almost infallible in the long run, it is in detecting a lack of warmth in work that claims to be serious and solid. No assault on the public's feelings is too brutal (as Stevenson said of "Home, sweet Home!"), in other words, no sentiment is too false for popular success; but on the other hand no apathetic solidity is imposing enough to interest the public which suspects that it has not interested the artist himself. Indeed, the public is severe in its sensitiveness to the difference between things done as the direct result of an intimate knowledge and love of the work in hand and the very same things as done

simply because So-and-so does them. But, on the other hand, it does not readily fall into the error of demanding that no two artists shall have the same "reading" of a composition. When a man of good sense without musical training troubles to think about "readings" at all, the idea that a "reading" is the worse for occurring to a dozen great artists in different generations is the last thing to enter his head. There is no reason why pupils should fail to become great artists because they have learnt all that they know of the interpretation of great music from such a man as Joachim; what art needs, and what the public has the sense to demand, is that they shall so play because they so understand and feel. It does not then always follow that the public will give such work its due; but it is certain that where the artist has not thus made his master's knowledge and feeling his own, the public will not be deluded into believing that he has. Even the mere virtuoso must have some pleasure in his own virtuosity, or the public will have none. And it is probably sheer tenderness of conscience that causes the universal popularity of false sentiment; no one feels comfortable in refusing to respond when his feelings are appealed to by those whose claims he has no means of refuting, and this is precisely the position of the inexpert listener with regard to sentimental music.

Much has been written in praise and illustration of Joachim's playing and that of his quartet; and from most points of view it has been so well and so recently described, both in England and abroad, that to say more here would be impertinent. One point of view has, however, been somewhat neglected. I am not aware that Joachim's playing has been expressly reviewed as the playing of a composer; and I therefore propose to devote the rest of this sketch to a few observa-

tions on the largest and best known of his works, the Hungarian Concerto, drawing some parallels between it and his playing, and thus illustrating how his sympathy with the great composers has come from a share in their creative experience.

The concerto is on an enormous scale; the first and last movements are, if I am not mistaken, the longest extant examples of well-constructed classical concerto form. And that the form is of classical perfection no one who has carefully studied the work can deny; indeed, so convincing and natural is the flow, and so just are the contrasts, that the length of the work remains quite unsuspected by the attentive listener, and would probably never be discovered at all but for the necessity of sometimes timing the items of concert programs. One may imagine that the composer who shows such colossal mastery of form, would see to it that his playing of classical music revealed the proportions of all that he played, and that he would never dream of "bringing out the beauty" of this or that passage by playing it as slowly as if it belonged to quite a different movement from that in which it occurs. This is, indeed, a tempting short cut to impressiveness of effect; in fact, many fine artists have spared no pains or thought in the search for fresh passages in classical music that can be so revealed to the public; and at all times there has been a definite school of criticism that regards such a method as the true way of artistic progress. It must also be candidly confessed that the higher criticism ruins its own cause when it accuses such artists of false sentiment or vulgarity, or anything more reprehensible than the failure to recognize how much of the greatness of art lies in proportion and design. A sense of form, such as is shown in the Hungarian Concerto, is almost the rarest thing in art, and is incomparably the

highest of technical faculties. If Joachim had not been capable of composing a work thus worthy to take a place among the great classical concertos, he would not have been able as a player to found that great tradition of interpretation that has made the last quartets of Beethoven on the whole better understood by the musical public than Shakespeare is by the average reader. The tradition, once founded, can be nobly carried on by players who have no thoughts of composition; but to originate such a work requires an essentially creative mind. No amount of exploration from point to point, or loving care in the delivery of each phrase, no genius for breadth and dignity of musical declamation would ever have sufficed to make these works, so unfathomable in detail, grandly intelligible as wholes. And unless the whole is grasped, the details remain undiscovered.

Of course this grand quality of form is not directly recognizable by the public, either in compositions or in performances. It is a cause rather than an effect, and it is absolutely unattainable by mere imitation. Nor is a school-knowledge of the general facts of classical form equivalent to this true grasp of musical organization, either in playing or in composition; for these general facts, just in so far as they are general, are accurately true of no one classical work.

They are not the principles that make classical music what it is; they are the average phenomena that enable us to define and classify art forms; and that kind of playing that carves the music joint by joint, that treats a fugue as if nothing but the fugue-subject were fit for the public ear, and that always plays a specially beautiful phrase louder and slower than its context,—such playing is as far removed from Joachim's method of interpretation as the form of a bad de-

gree-exercise is from that of the Hungarian Concerto.

There is nothing scholastic or inorganic in Joachim's form; perhaps in the first movement one has a temporary impression of rather cautious symmetry of rhythm, just as one has with the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, a work that in formal technique and proportions is remarkably akin to Joachim's, and probably influenced it more powerfully than the entire absence of resemblances in external style and theme would suggest. But, like the Beethoven C minor, the Hungarian soon shows that it is not of such matter as can be cast in a merely academic mould. Though in both works the opening *tutti*, with its deliberate transition from first subject to second, is more like the beginning of a symphony than either Beethoven or Brahms allowed the *tuttis* of their later concertos to be, yet the treatment of the solo instrument, its relation to the orchestra, and the grouping and development of the themes, are in both works as mature and highly organized as possible, and as surely the work of a great composer in Joachim's case as in Beethoven's.

The very outset of Joachim's first solo, where the violin passes from the impressive first theme to allude to the tender sequel of the second subject, a phrase originally uttered in the major mode by the oboe in its poignant upper register, but now given in the minor mode with the solemn tones of the violin's G-string; this is just such a freedom of form as only a true tone-poet can invent. Classical music is full of such things; ordinary formal analysis cannot explain them, since, as we have seen, it is concerned with averages, not with organic principles; and these passages have no external peculiarity to call the attention of the inexperienced to their significance. If there is much of this kind in classical

music that is now of common knowledge, if it is possible to point out such things here, this is mainly due to the fact that the most influential musical interpreter of modern times can reveal the meaning of such traits because he has experienced them in his own creative work.

All that has been said here as to the form of the Hungarian Concerto and its analogy with the architectonic quality of Joachim's playing may be repeated in different terms as to the more detailed aspects of the work.

The score is so full of detail that it is very difficult to read; not that there is anything startlingly "modern" about it; those who would seek in it the "latest improvements of modern orchestration" are doomed to disappointment. For one thing, it was written within two years of Schumann's death, eighteen years before the appearance of Brahms' first symphony, and twenty years before Dvorák came to his own (largely through the united efforts of Brahms and Joachim themselves).

The only modern influence that could possibly affect a work in so classical a form at the date of this concerto was to be found in Brahms, to whom, in fact, the work is dedicated. But at that time Brahms was twenty-four and Joachim was twenty-six; and the history of the opening of Brahms' B-flat sextet and many things in his first pianoforte concerto will bear witness that the influence was about equally strong on both sides. However, all such historical matters are beside the mark. Joachim, both as composer and player, is an immortal whose work is so truly for all time that it cannot be measured in terms of the present or any age. The Hungarian Concerto may perhaps seem, to some who put their trust in symphonic poems, almost as antiquated as Bach's

arias and recitatives seemed to most musicians in the 'fifties just a century after Bach's death; but a time always comes, even though centuries late, when it is recognized that in art all "effects" must have their causes no less than in logic and nature; and that the work in which the effects come from sufficient and deep-rooted causes has more vitality than that which depends merely on brilliant allusions to the latest artistic discoveries of its day.

When the time comes for the verdict of history as to the instrumental music of the last sixty years, Joachim will still be known as a purifying and ennobling influence of a power and extent unparalleled in the history of reproductive art; but I cannot believe that historians will ascribe this influence merely to the violinist; they will surely turn to the few compositions of Joachim, and they will see in the enormous wealth of harmonious detail that crowds the score of the Hungarian Concerto that very completeness and justness that we know so well in his playing. When they admire the art with which the solo violin is made to penetrate the richest scoring with ease, they will understand, perhaps better than ourselves, that true balance of tone and perfection of *ensemble* with which the Joachim Quartet quietly and simply discloses all essential points without reducing the accompaniment to a dull, disorganized mumble. When they see the wonderful burst of florid figuration that accompanies the return of the theme of the slow movement, or the freedom and subtlety of its coda, they will hear what it was in Joachim's playing that showed us the true depth of expression in Bach's elaborately ornate melody, which our fathers thought so antiquated and rococo. And they will long to have heard Joachim's violin-playing as we long to

have heard Bach at his organ: not from curiosity to verify an old record of technical prowess, but from the

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desire to recover the unrecorded manifestations of a creative mind.

Donald Francis Tovey.

A MAN IN THE MAKING.

In May, 1887, Lawrence Haynes's mother wrote to me:

"Lawrence has been overworking. If you would really like him to spend a month or so with you this summer, I'm sure it would be good for him. He can read for his B.Sc., and there will be no evening meetings to distract him. I think he calls himself a Socialist now. At any rate, he has a great many friends of both sexes who come and sit on the rug by the fire and smoke and call each other by their Christian names. But you know Lawrence, and he is only twenty."

From childhood Lawrence had been sent to us whenever he was out of sorts. I had been his elected Auntie then, and was Auntie still.

For some years, however, we had not met, and I looked forward eagerly to his coming. As a schoolboy Lawrence had no awkward age; he had retained the warm interest in his fellows which had marked him as a child, and an instinctive courtesy which sometimes contrasted oddly with his embarrassing frankness of speech.

Suppressing my fear that after the society which his mother described he might find Tom and myself a little dull, I sent off the invitation. A few days afterwards he arrived, late in the evening, having carried a heavy bag from the station. Next morning he came to breakfast looking tired and serious, and bringing a stale scone left over from the journey, which he insisted on eating before touching fresher food.

In the course of the day he several times spoke of "The Movement."

I asked at last, "What movement?"

He fixed his kind young eyes on me, and, evidently not believing that my ignorance was genuine, returned to his book without answering.

After dinner, when Tom had gone to his study, Lawrence asked if he might bring some papers into the drawing-room. I remonstrated with him for working late, but he said it was only a mechanical job.

As I sewed by the fire he made a copy in aniline ink of a document before him, and then began to take off impressions from a tray of white jelly.

"What's that?" I asked, as the curled sheets made a little heap by his side.

"A manifesto."

"A manifesto!" I repeated, impressed by the word; and, putting down my sewing, I unrolled a sheet and began to read the faint purple writing.

"Dear Comrade,—In view of the approaching Social Revolution—"

"Don't read it out," said Lawrence, "look it over quietly and let me know if you're in sympathy with us."

I read in silence. The manifesto explained that it was impossible for us to predict exactly when the Revolution would come. It was impossible (although here some of his comrades might differ) for us to avert it by tinkering at social injustices. Because of their recognition of this truth a serious accusation had been brought against them. It was said that the Socialist League

was not a practical body. Let them, then, see to it that in the smallest particulars they prepared themselves for the new life.

From this point in the manifesto there followed temporary rules of conduct for all members of the "League," at once so childlike and so tyrannous that I could have laughed, but that Lawrence's face opposite to me made laughter impossible.

"You can't seriously mean," I said, "that you think it wrong to eat two eggs for your breakfast?"

Lawrence left the writing-table and did not directly answer that question. Standing with his back to the fire, and looking down at me with all his old frank courtesy, he said that he positively hated to see me living in this senseless luxury.

I was a little taken aback, for I had been in the habit of pluming myself on my cheerful acceptance of straitened circumstances.

"Isn't there anything you could cut off?" he demanded.

Then I made a mistake.

I suggested that he was very young. Directly I had done so I was sorry, and fearful lest, by my stupidity, I had lost the chance of a talk.

"Oh, you middle-aged, you middle-aged," Lawrence broke out in his fine deep voice.

I was relieved if not flattered.

"It is to me," he went on, "the most extraordinary assumption that the opinions and feelings we have in middle age are more likely to be true than those we have in youth. Surely, Auntie, if the faults of youth are recklessness and hopefulness, the faults of middle age are self-indulgence and cowardice. Doesn't Meredith say that only at the two gates of life, in youth and age, can we hope to catch a glimpse of the larger truths?"

"The idea is so common," he said in a quieter tone, "that I have tried to

think it out, and, indeed, I cannot see why the fact that I am young should be used as evidence that I am wrong."

"Tell me," I said after a silence, "what has made you so different since I saw you last?"

"Oh, walking in the streets—reading—thinking—" and, sitting down by the fire, Lawrence began to talk as he might have done to one of his own intimates.

Then I realized for the first time how strong the social emotion was in him. I tried to make him believe that some old-fashioned Radicals felt such things in their own way.

He shook his wise-looking head. "One and all they accept the competitive system. We don't."

Then I said frankly that I had been told that several of his "comrades" in London were men of bad personal character.

He did not, as I had expected, indignantly deny it. He might not approve of the actions of individuals, but for himself he felt more tolerant of offences against the accepted law and morality than of the universal crime of the middle classes—indifference to the suffering by which they lived.

While Lawrence was gathering up his manifestos before going to bed, he said: "I'm afraid that I shan't have many evenings in. Luckily, the 'League' has just started a branch here."

After that I only caught occasional glimpses of Lawrence. No Cabinet Minister could have been more fully occupied. I was troubled, since he was said to be overworking, at the amount of time his connection with the movement absorbed. During his short stay with us he wrote for the Branch papers on the following subjects: "The Economics of Karl Marx," "Our Relations with the Anarchists," "Are we ready for Revolution?" "The Blindness of Herbert Spencer." For each of these he read a good deal, and each

was worked up into something like literary form; for he showed me such passages as he thought I was ready for.

He came home after the meetings, where his audience had numbered five, eight, three, and seven respectively, perfectly satisfied and full of hope for the future. Since his arrival the Branch had developed wonderfully. A paper had been started, a weekly social evening arranged, and an open-air address was given every Sunday afternoon. The subscriptions and collections had gone up to 5s. 3d. a week, and at a social as many as forty people might turn up.

I felt sure that this activity could not be maintained on 5s. 3d. a week. I knew that Lawrence pinched himself in the smallest particulars, and I suspected that the main part of his allowance went to supporting the paper and to alleviating, to some extent, among members of the Branch, the injustices of the competitive system.

On this subject I dared not speak.

When I spoke to Tom he only said: "Oh, none of the Hayneses are fools; a nice, straight fellow like Lawrence will grow out of all that fast enough."

Meanwhile, with increasing frequency, Lawrence mentioned the name of a new comrade, Nelly Montgomery. At first sight one mightn't like her, he said. But how unjust one's first impressions often are! She had thrown herself whole-heartedly into the movement and worked every evening at the Circle. I could not realize what that meant, for all day long she was in a barracks of a shop.

A fear, of which I was ashamed, possessed me; and yet what an appeal this girl—herself a victim of the system, and now steadily preparing for the revolution by pouring out tea for the comrades—must make to Lawrence's imagination!

More than once he said to me, "I ad-

mire her immensely"; and once, to my great relief, he added:

"Not that in your sense of the word, or indeed in the sense of the word that I was brought up to accept, she is exactly a nice girl—"

But I did not know Lawrence yet. The demands on his time increased. Opportunity even for a few words together came now very rarely.

One evening, after dinner, Lawrence, although he had a pre-occupied air, as if he were going to make a speech of great public importance, lingered in the drawing-room. Every moment I expected him to go off to the room that we had dedicated to him.

But to my surprise he sat down on the rug, and looked into the empty grate.

Something was coming. I felt the tension in the air.

"Auntie!" A long pause.

"Auntie, Nelly Montgomery has promised to be my wife."

I sprang off my seat, and Lawrence got up and stood opposite to me.

The eternal absurdity to the middle-aged of the really young taking their lives into their own hands, and my innate snobbery, left me speechless; and then Lawrence's words: "Not in our sense of the word *nice*," came back to me.

A vision of his mother rose before me; and overpowering everything the thought of this boy's happiness. I still could not speak, but Lawrence guessed.

"Lawrence," I said at last, "I dare say I'm a snob and prejudiced; but tell me she's a straight kind of woman—and then tell me you care for her, and I'll do my best."

"Auntie, she's a great deal better woman than many a girl you and mother would be pleased enough for me to marry."

"Be just to us," I said.

There was a long silence.

"Mother isn't to know for six months. Nelly wishes us to feel free, and it will be at least two years before I earn enough to marry on."

A little sigh of relief came from me.

"Do you care for her, Lawrence?" I asked it cruelly straight.

Lawrence evaded again; and I might have had an essay on the New Marriage, where public aims were always first, private happiness always second.

But I could not stand more than a word or two of it. Pent-up feelings were growing foolishly strong within me, and they burst out.

"Believe me or not—movement or no movement—you, Lawrence, must love the woman you marry. Life will never be easy for you. You are flinging away the chance of the one big thing that will help you to endure and be sane."

I stopped, and we looked at each other. From Lawrence's face I believed that I had stirred some feelings which he had known before he joined the movement.

After a minute he said in his usual voice: "Oh, Auntie, Auntie, I wish you were with us. There are moments when I feel that you were never meant for a conventional person."

Lawrence and I did not speak again on this subject for some weeks.

He was even more fully occupied than before and I could not detect the least sign of uneasiness. On everything but his engagement he was as communicative as ever when we met.

The paper was selling capitally. Oh, no, of course not yet a financial success; but there was to be a double summer number, illustrated. It would not cost much; he could just manage to advance a little for it. Besides, they had ten new members. The numbers might seem small to me, but it was best to keep out all except those who are really in earnest.

Lawrence had asked Tom to sell a

gold watch-chain for him. It was plain where the proceeds went.

"I'm awfully sorry to go, Auntie."

He had only three days more with us, and we were alone after dinner.

I looked at him and saw that he was unusually pale. From the point of view of rest the visit had not been a success.

My heart sank when I thought of his next quiet talk with his mother.

"Will you tell your mother about —?" I was saying in a constrained voice.

"I'd just come to tell you; it's all over."

I could hardly keep decently quiet, the joy of relief was so great.

Lawrence was walking rapidly up and down the room, a thing he never did in talking.

"She chuckled me," he said.

"Oh!" I gasped.

He came up and stood by the mantel-piece, and said frankly, "I bored her."

I had never seen Nelly, but I could believe it. Lawrence in these days was a strenuous person.

"How?" I asked.

"Reading aloud, I believe. I read her all my things in the rough."

I was quite silent. I dared not speak. To him my joy must seem brutal.

"I knew you would be glad," he said, understanding the long quiet. "That doesn't matter; you can't understand."

Again there was silence, and just one small fear lest he had suffered made itself felt.

After a pause, in which Lawrence played with the little things on my mantel-shelf, he said impetuously: "Auntie, what I feel the most tragic thing about all this is that there are moments when I'm glad."

* * * * *

It was Lawrence's last evening, and it seemed to me that when Tom went to his study we were going to have a quiet time together.

Lawrence was sitting in a low chair. Again he said: "I'm sorry to go, Auntie. Still, I think I've helped to put this Branch on its feet. And I'm ever so much better, thanks to you."

I had never seen him look thinner.

"You haven't changed a bit," I said, "not since you were——"

"Oh, indeed," he interrupted me; "please don't. I really have, Auntie. When I was a schoolboy I was the most atrocious little snob."

"I wasn't going to say anything about schoolboys; I was going to say since you were five."

Lawrence smiled.

Just then a note was brought for him. He opened it, and started up.

"I must be off to the League. I don't know what's happened. It's just a line from Swift, asking me to come at once."

"So goes our last evening," I thought; but I knew that the Branch took its affairs seriously, and prominent members could not enjoy private life without interruption.

When Lawrence came back at about eleven, he looked really worried and agitated.

Heaven send it was no further complication with the girl whom he had described as not nice in the sense of the word he had been brought up to accept.

It was not, and I breathed more freely.

"It's Barnett, Auntie. He's gone off."

Lawrence was walking up and down.

"With the funds?" I asked immediately.

Longman's Magazine.

"Well, fortunately, there wasn't much in hand—it's only a matter of a pound or two; but the bills that we thought paid aren't paid." Lawrence grew calmer as he spoke. "It's very rough on Tilman and Green. Next month I can help a little. To-night I could do nothing except to speak a few words, trying to put this little discouragement in the right place. Of course, they're absurdly down about it."

I could not suggest to Lawrence the thought that came uppermost, that this branch of the League was practically dead; and so I only said:

"I'm so sorry you had all this bother."

"Oh, I haven't had the worst of it, and yet it's funny how feelings one used to have before one was in the movement cling. For a little while after I heard this I felt like a common fool—just because we made a mistake about one man."

Lawrence was completely himself again, and I looked at his calm face in amazement as he turned to the writing table and began to work.

During the last week the girl he had proposed to marry had thrown him over because he bored her; and one of the most trusted of his comrades had made off with what I knew was pretty well all his quarter's allowance.

"I shan't go up to bed just yet," he said. "I want to get off a few more of these."

As I rose to say good-night, I looked over his shoulder.

"Dear Comrade," he was writing, "In view of the approaching social revolution——"

Ada Wallas.

IN THE AUSTRALIAN BACK-BLOCKS.

Australia has attracted much attention from all quarters during the last few years, but to most people the vast interior is still a *terra incognita*; and even on the streets of Sydney or Melbourne the appearance of a copper-skinned back-blocker excites as much comment as might a being from another planet. The man from "out west" cares little for the opinion of the townsman, however; and if his carriage be not so graceful as that of those whom he so unceremoniously jostles on the pavements of Bourke Street or the "Block," he gets over the ground more quickly; and if his speech be ungrammatical, it is at least expressive, and only used when absolutely necessary.

The back-blocks, generally, are the western divisions of Queensland and New South Wales; and although in some parts of the former State the hardy squatter has established himself well out into the great desert, the country inside the "run" of his domain is probably unprospected, and outside entirely unexplored. In this almost boundless tract of country, where the bush merges into the silent desert, the back-blocker has his home, and, indifferent to the flight of time and the struggle and worries attending existence in the outside world, he leads a life of untrammelled independence.

Only occasionally does a stranger come among these sons of freedom; and if he once sees "where the pelican builds its nest," or experiences the strange fascination of the desert camp-fire circle, he will not soon leave them. The newcomer may be fresh from the old homeland, an outcast from continental Europe, or a wanderer from the crowded cities on the Australian coast-line; but in all cases he is wel-

comed, and soon he speaks in the same quaint dialect, forgets his past, and becomes a child of fortune.

"But how do you manage to exist? This place would not support a rabbit," I said to an assembly of those men one evening in Queensland. I had struck their camp while endeavoring with a companion to cycle from Spencer Gulf to the Gulf of Carpentaria; and our surprise may be imagined when, hundreds of miles from the nearest settlement, as we thought, their camp-fire suddenly appeared in front of us. There were about twelve men in the party, and, as it was just sundown, we naturally camped beside them, and, prompted by the somewhat elaborate preparations being made for supper, I had put my question.

"Oh, not too bad," a tall and gaunt Queenslander answered. "We keeps a team of our own always on the move with stores from the nearest township."

"But that must cost a lot of money so far out as this. How do you earn—?"

"We can always make tucker shootin' kangaroos and emus for their skins; an' if any man wants a cheque bad, for a spell or anything, he can always go shearing inside country. Of course we takes turns at opalling, if we strikes a good show; an' if thar's any new gold discoveries, we git there quick an' lively."

"But you can never make a fortune at work so uncertain?"

"Lor! mate, but you is hard to please. Here, Charlie; you lend a hand here: this stranger's fresh, an' I is no good pitchin'—" Charlie stepped forward, and at once relieved his comrade of the burden of conversation. "You reckons we can't make

no money?" he said. "Well, I reckons ye is wrong. How about old Tyson the millionaire? An' how about Gilgal Charlie sitting over there?—my handle is Vic Charlie, cos' I comes from Victoria—he made four thousan' clear outen his opal claim only last week; an', darn it all, mate! there's Shandy Bill, that little fellow on your left, he made ten ounces yesterday jes' by dry-blowing in a pan—"

"Ten ounces! of copper?"

"No—of gold; an' Long Tom here shot one hundred and twenty-three kangaroos at ninepence each—"

"Did you say that your companion found gold?"

"I reckon I did, stranger, an' what's more, we has all dropped on to gold."

"What! There is no gold so far west as this."

"So we was told, mate. Them as is supposed to know, say there can be no gold west of the ranges; but you can allow that this push knows gold when they see it, an'—but show it to him, Shandy." Shandy instantly detached a leather pouch from his belt, and without a word put it into my hands.

"That is gold without doubt," I said, handing it back; "I know by the weight." Vic Charlie seemed surprised at my knowledge of the metal, but he said nothing.

"Does you know much about minerals?" inquired an elderly man who had been listening intently to the conversation.

"I have prospected in most countries," I answered, "and ought to know all that is worth knowing by this time, for the experience was about all I did get."

"Tucker!" sang out some one. "Git table-covers for the visitors, an' look lively." My own companion, while I was talking, had been engaged in similar fashion in the centre of another group, and I smiled to see how intensely interested were his listeners.

He was not seeking information, I knew, but from the unconscious ejaculations which frequently arose from his audience, I guessed that he was imparting some; and his selections were invariably strange and wonderful. The cry of "tucker," however, created a diversion, and during the half-hour that followed, all apparently had but one object in view, and being blessed with a healthy appetite, that same object was very pleasing to me. I was placed between a gentleman called Dead-broke Peter and one dubbed Silent Ted. I afterwards discovered that Peter had been a member of the New Zealand Parliament, but Long introduced him simply as the best talker in camp. I suppose it was to balance matters that the thoughtful Tom placed Ted on my other side, for he never spoke.

"He is a first-class cook an' a most extrordinar' thinker, though," said Tom; and as Ted's corrugated but wonderfully expressive face beamed at the compliment, I saw that a tongue to him was quite unnecessary. The night was very dark, and as the fitful fire-flashes lit up the surrounding gloom and cast fantastic shadows of the squatting men on the sands behind them, the scene was indeed weird. Towards the end of the meal Dead-broke Peter began a conversation, at first very general in character, and which I easily sustained without interrupting my study of the men around; but before I realized that Peter was a man with a past, I found myself floundering in the subject of astronomy hopelessly beyond my depths.

"Yes," I said, endeavoring to collect my senses, "It is wonderful how the science has advanced, but I cannot understand how you have made the heavens a clock."

"Oh, that is a simple matter," he replied. "Canopus sets behind Warrego plains at half-past nine at pres-

ent; take that fact for your unit, and then the positions of the Cross will indicate plainly, even to minutes, the divisions of the night. But look at that poor snake crawling out of the hollow stump beside you; that means a cyclonic disturbance is approaching—"

"Great Scot! That's a black snake. Look out, boys!" I cried, springing to my feet. Ted, who had been drinking in every word spoken, quietly reached over, and catching the wriggling creature by the tail, skilfully swung it round his shoulder and brought its head forcibly against the log. The snake must have been killed instantly; but its long body quivered convulsively for a moment, and then with a sudden jerk shot backwards and coiled tightly round Ted's arm. To my surprise, none of his comrades troubled even to look at Ted during this performance: all, with the exception of Peter and himself, were absorbing the words of my very Scotch companion, who was relating with powerful dramatic effect some peculiar experiences of his in other parts of the world. But evidently Ted did not expect any attention, for without uttering a sound he arose, shook his encumbrance into the fire, and sat down again, with a look on his face that plainly said to us, "Go on! What have you stopped for?"

Peter politely directed my gaze to a nine-inch centipede that was prospecting across my boots, and then launched into a discourse on theological matters, which in time led into the supernatural, and finally narrowed down to a discussion on the mysterious rites of the aborigines' Bora. "Little Bob, that tall man sitting next your companion, has had much experience among the natives of the north," Peter said, "and if you could only get him to talk he could tell some marvellous tales."

I looked over to the other side of the fire, and saw that Little Bob was the individual who had asked the extent of my mineral knowledge. "I have heard some tall stories of their corroborrees, Ghingls, and Bunyips," I answered; "but no white man has ever seen anything that could not be easily explained."

"Think not? Perhaps you are right, but my experience leads me to think differently. There is a Bunyip's pool seventeen miles from here—in fact, we get our water from it; but there is not a man in this camp who would go near it at night for—well—for anything. And for the corroborrees, there are men here who have actually gone through a series of them, and if you stay with us, or travel northwards, you will probably see some for yourself."

Peter's words interested me greatly, so, careful not to interrupt his flow of eloquence, I soon became as silent as the gentleman on my left, and was rewarded by hearing a most wonderful account of the dreaded Bunyip—that strange mysterious creature, half-fish and half-fiend, the very sight of which, it is said, means death to the unfortunate beholder. I had often heard of this "dweller in the waters" from half-caste aborigines in New South Wales, and knew that it was supposed to live in the subterranean pools which abound throughout the Australian interior; but I never imagined that white men could be so firmly convinced of its existence as were my present companions.

"It's in the Brumbie's water-hole, you can bet your life," said a strangely deformed man, who had joined our group when the name was mentioned.

"How do you know? Have you seen it?" I inquired.

"No, an' doesn't want to; but Jack Ford did."

"And where is he?"

"Ask Sam Wilkins. He's the only glory prospector here."

"What has he to do with it?"

"Lor'! stranger, if he doesn't know where Jack went, no one here does. Jack was as fine a mate as iver I met; but whether he staked off a claim up aloft, or pegged out in the other place, I'm darned if I knows. He saw the Bunyip one full moon, an' croaked the next day."

I now noticed that all the men had gathered round our little group, and before I could further question the speaker, Long Tom broke in. "Is ye in a hurry to git up to the Gulf country?" he said.

"Not particularly," I answered.

"Your mate tells us you is a great mineralogist?"

"Oh no,—not great; but I know a little of the science."

"Does ye know what that is?" Tom opened a sack as he spoke and took out a greenish mass of something.

"That is copper sulphide. Where did you get it?"

"Mate, if it's any good, there's hundreds and thousands o' tons o' it lyin' on top not mor'n fifty mile from here. But what is this?"

"Why! that is native silver; and that conglomeration in Ted's hand is an ironstone formation carrying gold—"

"Say, mate," interrupted Little Bob, "does ye know what this is?" He held in the palm of his hand a mixture resembling tea in appearance, but which after tasting I knew could not be that substance. "Ah! ye is bested, mate, an' I is glad," continued Bob. "I knows ye is honest now, and don't skite when ye doesn't know."

"Thank you; but what is it?"

"Pidcherie, stranger. Money can't buy it. It comes from the Mullagine swamps; an' gold nor lead wouldn't make a black fellow part with it. Swallow that, an' you can dance in the fire

an' not feel nothin'; cut yourself in little bits an' you'll think it fun. Only the niggers knows what it is, and no white men barrin' us back boys has iver got any—"

"Time for that again, Little Bob," cried Long Tom. "The question just now is, Will the stranger jine us? Yous can git two shares an' we does all the work," he added, turning to me.

"But, Mr.—that is—Peter here knows more than I do. He—"

"Him!" snorted Tom. "Mate, he's the most onreasonable man in camp. When he starts talking, we can't stop him; an' when he is stopped, darn me if we can start him." I turned to see how my late entertainer took these words, but he was lying back on the sand—asleep. Finally, after much quaint reasoning, the men persuaded us to try our luck with them, at least for a time. "Yous can leave us when you like, if it doesn't pay," was Tom's summing up; but as he had just told me of a sand-patch in which tucker could be made by dry panning, and of a "darned curious country across the Cooper" which was on fire with opal lying on the surface, I thought that the adventure was well worth any risk in that direction. We were still talking when the Southern Cross dipped behind the Gray Ranges; but before we stretched ourselves on the sand to rest it was decided that I and three others should set out in the morning to inspect the opal formations beyond the Cooper, and pending our report as to its value the others would keep up the funds by kangaroo-shooting and dry-blowing for gold.

Next morning with the first faint streaks of dawn we were ready. Mac and I had our cycles, which we stripped of all their previous accoutrements, and Kangaroo George and Gilgai Charlie rode two of the finest horses in Queensland.

"Be good boys," cried Long Tom, as

we prepared to move off after breakfast.

"There is a willy-willy coming soon, so watch where you camp," warned Dead-broke Peter; and without more ado we plunged into a clump of gidgyas, and in a few minutes burst out on the iron-shot plain. Neither George nor Charlie was inclined to waste his wisdom on the desert air, and even Mac found it advisable to keep his mouth closed when the fine clouds of sand began to rise. For hours we headed due west, dining at noon, in the open, on a piece of damper and some cold mutton, washed down with an extremely sparing amount of muddy fluid from our water bags, and then going on again. Before sundown we reached a dried-up creek, where, after scraping in the sand among the roots of a solitary lime-tree, we found sufficient liquid for the horses, which we then hobbled and went into camp, fully forty miles from our starting-point. The sun was now racing down on the western horizon, and the desert around seemed like a sea of gold. The day had been oppressively hot, and consequently we expected that night would be kept lively by the many pests. Nor were we mistaken. Just as our surroundings became blurred in the shadows of night, a dingo's dismal howl broke the strange stillness, and then the blood-curdling shrieks of some laughing-jackasses in the tree above irritated us almost beyond endurance. The mosquitoes next joined in, sinking their saw-like suckers deep into our sun-blistered skin; and when the mournful "morepork" added its depressing note, the desert orchestra was completed.

"I reckon there's a storm comin'," remarked George, as he assisted a small death-adder into the fire.

"For onysake let it come, then," growled Mac. "A dinna see what ye've got to complain about. Da—darn it!!!"

"Is ye bit, Scottie?" inquired Charlie. "Lor! there's a centipede on yer neck. It feels like red-hot coal, doesn't it?" he added sympathetically.

"No," groaned Mac; "it's a rare cooling sensation; but here, feel for yer-sel'." He poised the creature on a twig as he spoke, and skilfully landed it on Charlie's back, and the yell that followed might have awakened a Bunyip. Had there been such a monster within five miles.

"Shut up! darn ye, Charlie!" roared George, lifting a nicely browned damper from the ashes; "ye has set the black fellows' ghosts off again. Lor! just listen to 'em."

"Hurry up with that damper, George," I interrupted—"that is, if there's no snakes in it."

"There's many things worse than snakes, boss," innocently replied George; "they is prime, if ye roast 'em an' has got any salt—"

"Haud yer tongue, man, or A'll mak' a corroborree o' ye," roared the hungry Mac, and I had to interfere hastily to prevent bloodshed.

The memory of that night's tortures still haunts me. The desert was alive with all sorts of reptiles and insects, and from my companions, as they rolled sleeplessly in the sand, many short but heartfelt expressions arose which I dare not repeat. At sunrise we set out again, and all day travelled westward over country similar to that which we had already passed, camping at night on an "Ana" branch or backwater of the famous Cooper, and enduring another night of misery.

"I reckon we should be near the Ghingi's¹ opal now," said George as we resumed our journey on the third day; "but say, boss, what's wrong with the ole sun? or is it the willy-willy?" There certainly was reason for George's question, for the sun as it shot up over the edge of the plains seemed merely a dull

¹ Devil's.

red ball; but the gem-shot haze which danced between showed the cause, and I realized that a cloud formed of minute particles of sand was partly obscuring it from view.

"We'll get across the main river and look for shelter," I said, "for evidently this storm has been working up for some days." We crossed the "Ana" channel and proceeded slowly, for the ground was now broken up as if by volcanic agencies. I was anxious to see the Cooper, the great inland sea of the early pioneers, but to my astonishment no water was yet in evidence as far as the eye could reach; so leading our steeds, we picked our way over the cleft and burnt ironstone.

"These is the Ghinghi's holes," said Charlie, as we came to some unusually large and deep chasms, "an' keep your eyes open, for there should be opal here."

"Whaur has that patent river got tae, A winner," muttered Mac. "A never had muckle faith in Australian rivers, an' A doot the nearest water-hole in the way we're goin' is the Indian Ocean."

"Say, boss," suddenly said George, "how far is it to the war?"

"Oh, South Africa is about seven thousand miles from here. Are you thinking of going?"

"Well, some of the boys was talking that way; but none o' us knew the country, nor if the track was to sunrise or sundown."

"Africa is west from here, George."

"Is there enuff water for horses on the trail?"

"Why, man! you cross the ocean."

"Well, I reckon old Joy here can cross anything; but it beats me to know how a fellow can carry tucker. I s'pose there is plenty stations on the road, though?" I looked at George in amazement, and Mac grinned with delight.

"Maybe they wouldn't want us, Kangaroo," put in Charlie; "but I reckon

we can ride anything as has feet, an' shoot—"

"Lie down flat, mates!" shouted George; "here's the willy-willy."

I turned and saw a huge black wall gyrating wildly towards us. A roar like that of thunder filled the air, followed by a sound as of waves breaking upon a rocky beach. A fierce blast of back-drawn sand struck my face, and as I threw myself down, I felt as if drowning for a moment; then a hail of stones, scrub, and sand rushed over me, tearing my clothes to shreds, and penetrating my skin like shot, while a thick blackness blotted out everything around. I lay still, conscious that a deposit of sand was fast covering me; but I also felt that the suffocating tension was already becoming less severe, and next minute a current of moist cool air, delightfully soothing to my sand-blasted skin, swept over the desert, and I sat up. It was still dark; but the awful vortex had passed, and away to the west I could still hear the indescribable rumbling sound of the flying boulders among the Ghinghi holes.

"Is we all here?" sounded Charlie's voice close beside me, and I felt relieved when I heard the muffled responses of my comrades, for I knew that if caught in the centre of such a storm as we had just escaped, nothing living could withstand it. I groped for my cycle, and moistened my throat with the damp sand that now filled the water-bag, noticing, as some of the contents spilled down my neck, that the temperature must have fallen considerably, for the accident caused me to shiver.

"Ye talk aboot gaun into the Australian interior," spoke Mac dolorously, as he in turn swallowed a mouthful, "but A'm thinkin' that a lot o' Australia has gone into mine."

"Never mind, Mac," I replied, as we all crawled towards each other, "here

comes the first rain we have had since leaving Adelaide, and if the horses are all right so are we."

"I reckon they is O.K.," said Charlie, "they knows more than most people, them horses." While he was speaking we cast off our scanty garments and revelled in the refreshing drops; but rain in the back-blocks is worth more than its weight in gold, and this shower only lasted about a minute, and passed on in the wake of the willy-willy. Shortly afterwards the darkness rolled away to the west like a huge receding screen, and near us we saw the two horses rolling on the ground with evident enjoyment. But I did not ask my companions how it was that our four-footed friends had escaped so lightly, for my attention was attracted by a scintillating streak of something on the edge of a small hole, and as my eyes became used to the now blinding glare of the sun, I saw that the whole surface of the desert was literally blazing with small points of color.

"Lor!" exclaimed my Australian comrades simultaneously, "we has struck the very place after all."

"Ay, mon," said Mac, wrathfully, "an' hoo' did ye no' ken that afore?"

"'Cos the opal was dead," replied George, "an' the rain has made it 'live again."

Mac looked suspiciously at the speaker; but Charlie added that "dead" and "live" were terms used in speaking of dull opal that could be made to flash as if alive by the application of water. This explained why we had not seen the gems before and without troubling to inquire where the Cooper had gone, or how—if Charlie and George were correct—we had got to the other side of it, we attacked the ironstone boulders with our small handpicks.

"Every gibber's got an opal heart," remarked George, smashing a large boulder to fragments.

"Take care, then," I warned, or you will break it too."

"Then how is we to do it, boss?" inquired Charlie, poising his pick in mid-air. "Does ye think it will come out if we whistle on it?"

I did not; nor to this day have I found how to get that opal out intact. We tried every method that could be devised, but without success, for each time we broke the outer casing the more brittle core was also shattered by the blow. Patiently and laboriously we chipped the ironstone, only to find that the gem was in powder form when we reached it. We then tried roasting the stones, carrying them to a small clump of stunted gidgeyas for that purpose; but found then, that although the shell broke with less hammering, the "life" of the opal was destroyed by the heat, and a dull lump of glass-like substance was all our reward.

For two days we wandered among the Ghinghi holes trying specimens continually, but with the same results, and at last I was convinced that further work under the circumstances was useless. The horses were now beginning to suffer for want of proper food, and I saw that the water question would also trouble us as soon as the pools formed by the willy-willy shower had evaporated. Cooper's creek as a flowing stream had ceased to exist. Probably its waters, or all that seven years' drought had left of them, had gone to feed that strange tide which ebbs and flows so mysteriously under the heart of the great Lone Land; but in its old channels we saw only dead and dying creatures of the desert, and the banks were simply a nursery for fever germs.

"I reckon we'll have to give it best," at length said Gilgai Charlie, and I could see no alternative.

"If sufficient rain came, we might be able to bring a team out," I said, "and

cart a load of boulders back to Eromango. If we could not there get the ironstone dissolved with acid, we could at least send them to Brisbane and get them cut."

"That's all right, boss," spoke George; "but I reckon we might as well look for gold nuggets droppin' from the sky as enough water for a team." And I knew he was right.

We thought of striking across to the central ranges of South Australia to prospect the ruby formations there; but we found, when we reached the end of the broken ground, that our course lay through a belt of soft sand in which our wheels sank over the rims; and having neither sufficient water nor stores to risk walking for an unknown distance, we were forced to abandon the attempt. On the afternoon of the third day we started on the back track, and that night camped on the Ana pool. We made our old camp by the "soak" the next night, and at noon the day following struck the camps of those of our comrades who had gone dry-blowing.

"Well, mates, don't worry. It doesn't matter anyhow, for we'll get it some day, if we doesn't peg out," was the general comment when they had heard our story; and then the billy was boiled.

I was much surprised to see that gold was present in the sands of the desert; and even although the quantity was small, and only in patches widely apart, the fact afforded much food for thought. The process of dry-blowing adopted by the men was extremely simple, consisting of dropping the sand from one pan raised above the head to another resting on the ground, then reversing the positions of the pans and repeating the operation. In action, most of the sand and other light material was carried away or diverted by the wind; but the gold—if any—in accordance with the law of gravitation,

dropped straight. When the bulk was thus reduced until only the precious metal and the heavier ironstones were left, the contents were put aside, and another panful proceeded with in the same manner. Finally the collected matter was thrown on an improvised inclined plane that had bars of wood fastened across its surface. In rolling down, the ironstone pebbles cleared these ripples and fell to the ground; but the gold, being too heavy to do likewise, was caught in the angles, and afterwards carefully removed by the operator. The work was very slow and laborious, and often attended with very disappointing results. "But," said Dead-broke Peter, while explaining this to me, "we sometimes strike a patch that pays well."

"Can you explain why there is *any* gold here?" I asked. "There are no auriferous reefs which could shed it nearer than eight hundred miles, and, according to all geologists, the entire desert is the deposit of the ocean."

"That may be," Peter replied; but I have conclusive proof that there is a gold-bearing reef not more than a quarter of a mile from where we stand. I have no doubt that the rocks carrying it once reared themselves above the surrounding sea; but that was—well—before our time; and now they are too deep for us to reach."

I suggested that if the men had some mechanical appliance which could treat the sand in large quantities, they might do well with the surface deposit. "Perhaps," Peter said indifferently; "but there would be too much worry attached." And seeing that Silent Ted had dinner ready, we changed the subject.

Long Tom and four of the men had gone out emu- and kangaroo-shooting, and were not expected back for a week, and knowing that neither Mac nor I could be of any special service to the men at dry-blowing, we at length re-

solved to proceed to the Gulf, as was our original intention.

Our companions were very sorry when we announced this; but I told them we had come out expressly to study the aborigines at home, and that when we had done so we might come back.

"You'll see them before you go far," said Shandy Bill.

"An' don't go foolin' near a corroboree, Scottie," warned Little Bob; "'cos if ye does thar will be a funeral, as sure as them currants in that damper there is only ants."

Dead-broke Peter was evidently qualifying for a Silent Ted reputation, for it was only when kicked repeatedly by that individual that he roused himself, and in effect said, "Remember if you happen to get into trouble, that the various corroborees are only stages in the grand Bora; and that the signs used in their working have a wonderful resemblance to those of a certain society to which I see you belong." This information was startling, to say the least of it; but Peter had again fallen into his listless attitude, and could not be induced to say more: so, after receiving many messages, written and verbal, to despatch from the first settlement reached, we departed.

Eight days later we crossed the north Cooper (here called the Thomson river) at Jundah—it was in flood here (!)—and in another four days we reached Winton. From this unique township we made good time northwards through a well-watered country, which, although in the tropics, is blessed with a pleasant climate; and while running down the Flinders river had our first adventure with the natives. The Australian aboriginal is believed to be the lowest form of humanity extant; but there are many things in his philosophy of which the white man has not dreamt. He fights with nature for his very existence, his food being the

crawling creatures of the earth and what he wrests from other animals; and even then he is haunted with an eternal dread of devouring demons, who—according to his belief—are for ever seeking his destruction. His Bora is his only safeguard against these Ghingis and Bunyips; and it is in matters pertaining to the observances of its various corroborees that he has achieved such triumphs over nature, and performs feats that, to the white man, are entirely inexplicable.

An ordinary corroboree is merely a meeting that may be summoned by the chief or elders of any tribe; and those relating to the Bora are a series of religious ceremonials culminating in a weird fire-test, which all young warriors must undergo before attaining to the state of manhood. This fire-test, with various modifications, is also practised by the New Guineans and South Sea Islanders; but with the latter it now seems to have degenerated into a performance for the priests alone; and in the Fiji Isles a form of fire-walking is still observed, chiefly for the benefit of the sensation-loving tourist. Among the Australian aborigines, however, the working of the Bora is the chief object of their existence, and with them the tests are very real indeed. The fire-test is worked by a procession of aspiring natives marching round on a path which leads through the centre of many fires. A figure in the fanciful attire of some strange monster apparently controls the movements of the warriors by the motion of some object which he swings rapidly round his head, and which produces a humming sound not unlike that of a steam-siren. The performance is followed by a warlike display supposed to strike terror to the heart of the dreaded Bunyip, and if that creature could see the grotesquely garbed warriors as we saw them—hiding in the mulga scrub with our bicycles lying beside us—I have no

doubt that it would speedily take itself off to some less dangerous-looking part of the globe.

It is supposed that no white men have ever witnessed the higher corroborees; but that belief is erroneous, for during our journey northwards we met several back-blockers on the wallaby² to the opal district who were quite familiar with the entire ceremony, and some, like Little Bob, had even taken part in them, of course not willingly.

The aborigines are very scarce now, and happily, perhaps for us, most of our adventures with them tended more to be ludicrous than exciting, and in due course we arrived at Normanton, the chief town in the Gulf country.

A month later we landed at Brisbane from the S.S. Peregrine, and in two days were completely tired out and disgusted with the artificialities of city life. The Queensland contingent of the Imperial Bushmen was to embark in the afternoon for South Africa, and we joined the cheering throng that lined Queen Street to see the men ride past. I have seen the Scots Greys in Edinburgh, but the men of "England's last hope" were not like them. Their smart dress hung loosely on their angular frames, and their tanned faces were in vivid contrast to those of the Brisbaneites. They were all tall, and sat in their saddles in a style that certainly was not military, and their faces wore an absent-minded expression. I knew, however, that fever would have no effect on these men, that they could stand any hardship, that an earthquake could not unhorse them, and that every time those eyes with the far-away look glanced along the rifle-barrel something would drop somewhere. A shout from Mac interrupted my musings, and knowing that he always had some reason for what he did, I followed him through the densely-packed crowd, and found him in the act of hauling a

trooper from his horse. "It's Kangaroo George!" he yelled, "an' he's dreamin'!"

"Hallo, Scottie!" suddenly said the roused warrior; "did yous see the nigs?"

"Hang the niggers!" roared Mac; "it's you A want tae ken aboot. Hoo——"

"I see you have got on to the South African trail after all, George," I said, grasping his hand.

"Close up there, men!" roared the sergeant.

"Darn it! Dead-broke, doesn't ye see who is here?" remonstrated another familiar voice, and next instant I was shaking hands with Sergeant Dead-broke Peter—I never knew his other name. There was now a general confusion owing to the men having to lead their horses down to the wharf where the transport Maori King was waiting to receive them, and by adopting tactics not unknown nearer home, Mac and I got down with the troopers.

"An' has ye not a word for Shandy Bill?" suddenly spoke another voice at my side. "An' Sam Wilkins?" said a quiet-vic trooper. "An' me—Corporal Vic Charlie?" cried the one who had remonstrated with his sergeant.

"Is the whole camp here?" I cried surprisedly, while Mac muttered strange words anent the results of shaving on a person's appearance.

"No; only five," answered Vic Charlie. "Gilgai and Little Bob came down too; but they were too old, an' they is goin' out west again to-night when they see us away."

"I say, boss," whispered George to me, "you knows the trail, doesn't ye?"

"Fairly well, George," I replied; "you see the Southern Cross all the way."

"Then you can give us a notion how far out our first camp is?"

"You don't camp at all. You travel night and day—that is, unless the propeller shaft or something else breaks."

² On tramp.

"Lor'!" was all George's comment, but his face spoke volumes.

We stayed with our old comrades until the last moment arrived; and then, in company with Gilgai Charlie and the giant Little Bob, who had joined us on the wharf, went and dined. These two worthies were, as they said, already "full up with the city," and when

the western express left that night it had on board four men and four cycles booked through for Cunnamulla *en route* to the opal-fields. Twenty-eight hours afterwards we landed at the western terminus, and taking advantage of the full moon and the hard camel-pads leading farther west, we made sixty miles before morning.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SOME DOMESTIC REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE.

The following incidents in the everyday life of Thomas Carlyle and his wife, although trivial in themselves, may be of interest, as they are unknown to the general public, and narrated by those whose daily occupations brought them within the domestic sphere of the Carlyles, both in the country and in London.

Near to the village of Thornhill, in Dumfriesshire, is the farm-house of Templand, to which Jane Welch came with her mother, and where she lived until marriage joined her bright and clever personality to the rugged genius in the shadow of whose fame it was thereafter her fate to live and be known only as the wife of Thomas Carlyle. During her mother's life they several times visited Templand, and there occurred two little incidents which show that Carlyle, as a rule undemonstrative, had a very strong affection for his wife. In those days the only mode of conveyance was by stage-coach, which passed through to Glasgow by the main road, and as the distance was too far for Mrs Carlyle to walk, an ordinary Scotch farm cart was sent to meet the coach at the nearest point. To save his wife from its springless shaking and jolting, Carlyle

took her on his knee, but when they came to the steep, rough hill leading up to Templand, finding that even this did not protect her from feeling the sudden jolts of the lumbering wheels, he stepped over onto the shaft, and with her still in his arms, seated himself on the haunches of the steady-going cart-horse, thus holding her in comparative ease until they reached the house. The other incident was later on, when Carlyle drove himself down in a gig, and Mrs. Carlyle, who was in the house, hearing the sound of wheels, ran out to meet and welcome him. He was so occupied in bending down over the side to kiss her that he forgot to guide the horse, with the consequence that the gig-wheel grazed on a stone and the whole affair was overturned, though happily with no ill-effects.

About a mile from Templand, on a knoll overlooking the River Nith and a lovely stretch of valley and hillside, is Holmhill, at that time the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Russell, the doctor having retired from practice and occupying the position of banker in Thornhill. Both he and his wife were Mrs. Carlyle's great and constant friends, and she often paid them lengthened visits, her husband also coming at

intervals, but never remaining long at a time, as he usually went down to stay with his sister, Mrs. Aiken, who lived near Dumfries. Mrs. Carlyle was very delicate, often complaining of pain in her side, and the doctor and his wife were extremely kind and attentive in all things, humoring her moods and giving way to her wishes. Dr. Russell would sometimes link his arm in hers and walk with her up and down a small corridor in the house for half an hour at a time. She was also extremely nervous, and during her visits the cocks were all shut away in an outhouse, so that their crowing might not be heard, and all the clocks prevented from striking, as she could not bear these sounds. Every fortnight she was weighed, wearing the same dress each time, so that there should be no difference in the weight of clothing, and in one visit of ten weeks she gained twelve pounds to her own and the Russells' great satisfaction, the peace, rest and quietness of the country evidently suiting her better than the more active and busy life she led in London. Her morning head-dress was a white net cap, coming to a point in front and drawn in behind under the hair, this being changed in the afternoon for a small piece of lace resting lightly on her head, without any edging or trimming, a very frivolous and unimportant affair compared to the large and extremely unbecoming style of cap then considered the correct wear for every married woman, whether young or old, thus even in this small detail showing herself of an original mind untrammelled by convention.

Although Templand was by this time in the hands of strangers, she never failed to pay at least one visit there each time she stayed at Holmhill, usually bringing away a flower as a little souvenir, and on one occasion she took a nettle and a thistle to plant in her garden, saying she was sure these

were the only things that would grow in London. She could say very sarcastic things when in the mood, even at the expense of those she was most friendly with, and also delighted in bestowing appropriate nicknames not always considered as compliments by the recipients, who, hearing of them, and not understanding the cleverness of the application, failed to see its sense. One day, seeing the cook, a very tall woman with well-marked features and dignified aspect, going about some work outside, she said to Mrs. Russell: "Do you know, Kate reminds me of nothing so much as Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth," and on being told this, Kate indignantly exclaimed, "Leddy Macbeth! Hoots! she maun surely see something gey deevilish or fiend-like aboot me tae liken me tae a wumman like yon!"

Among the household were Andrew Hunter and his wife (the before-mentioned "Kate"), who for many years filled the respective posts of coachman and cook with the Russells. Andrew is now an old man of eighty and his wife owns to seventy, but they are still living in Thornhill, in a small house kept in spotless order by the old lady herself, on seeing whom one can perceive the appropriateness of Mrs. Carlyle's remark anent her likeness to the great actress. Andrew (who this year was the recipient of the £5 prize, left by his old master, to be given yearly to some oldest working man in the village who continues to support himself) is nothing loth to tell his remembrances of the Carlyles, principally, however, of Mrs. Carlyle, whom he drove every day, wet or dry, during her visits to Holmhill. Dr. Russell kept a brougham and one horse, of which both he and his coachman were very careful, and the length and direction of Mrs. Carlyle's daily drives, in which she was nearly always accompanied by Mrs. Russell, were regulated by the doctor to occupy exactly three hours,

therefore it was necessary to go very slowly and walk the horse up all the small hills to spin out the time. One day Mrs. Russell observed, "As it is such a fine day, I think we might prolong our drive a little!" to which Mrs. Carlyle replied, "Na, na! you'll find Andrew has had his orders from the doctor, and he'll not go past them!" Neither did he.

No consideration of weather seemed to affect her passion for driving, as, for instance, one very wet and stormy day, when the rain and wind were lashing and howling round the house, Andrew was told that Mrs. Carlyle wanted to drive. It was a terrible day, fit for neither man nor beast, and Andrew in his wrath was moved to propose that he would take the carriage round to the front door, and Mrs. Carlyle could sit in it there and get all the fresh air she needed, without either himself or his horse being exposed to the elements, but in spite of this ingenious suggestion the usual three hours had to be undertaken.

On another occasion when the weather was unpropitious, Dr. Russell, careful of his animal, said, "Andrew, the ladies are wanting to drive out in the afternoon, but it is such a bad day, you will just tell them the horse is lame." Later on, when he came back from the bank, the day had cleared a little, and coming out, he said, "Well, Andrew, the ladies are set upon going out to-day; I doubt you'll have to make ready."

"But I tell't them the horse was lame!" quoth Andrew.

"Ay, and so did I," said the doctor, "but it was of no use. However, it's no lie, for she is always a bit stiff from spavin." So master and man salved their consciences for the attempted evasion.

Thomas Carlyle did no writing during his brief visits to Holmhill, preferring to spend the time on a rough wooden bench made specially for him by Andrew, where he read and medi-

tated, and smoked long clay pipes, this seat not being, as one might have supposed, in sight of the beautiful sunlit view of hill and river, but placed with its back to all this, away down on the opposite side of the drive, in a spot overshadowed by trees, where the only prospect was a moss-covered stone wall and the trees in the plantation beyond.

If Mrs. Carlyle was not popular with the domestics, Carlyle was even less so, as he went about, bestowing no word or look on anyone, absent-minded and taciturn. Even Andrew, who saw most of him, being so much out of doors, who made the seat and carefully set a flagstone under it to keep his feet from the damp, and who often worked within a few yards of him for hours at a time, said, "Na, for a' the times he was here, Maister Carlyle never opened neither his mouth nor his hand tae me," an expression suggesting both closeness of speech and pocket!

Carlyle's objection to interruption sometimes carried his manners past the point of surliness to absolute rudeness. One occasion he was seated in the carriage reading a book, when Mrs. Russell, who had just got out, met Dr. Grierson, a man now dead, but well known and remembered in Thornhill and the district for his kindly personality and his great interest in and knowledge of Natural History, a souvenir of which he left to the village in the interesting collection known as "Dr. Grierson's Museum." He was very anxious to speak to Carlyle, and took the opportunity of asking Mrs. Russell to introduce him. This she did, bringing him up to the carriage and saying, "Mr. Carlyle, this is Dr. Grierson, our local practitioner." Carlyle raised his eyes from his reading, ejaculated in an indescribable kind of a grunt, "Oh!" and immediately reburied himself in his book, an unlooked-for response both to his hostess and his would-be admirer.

At another time a duchess happened to call on Mrs. Russell, when he was staying with them, and expressed a desire to see Mr. Carlyle; so Mrs. Russell immediately went out, and finding him seated in his favorite spot asked him to come in for a few minutes. His exact reply is not vouched for, but its purport was quite clear; he absolutely declined to see her Grace, and his discomfited hostess had to return as best she might, with the ungracious refusal. However, once as he was driving up through Thornhill, he stood up in the carriage so that the people might see him, many having expressed a desire to catch a glimpse of him. He wore chamois leather slippers in the house, and what are called "Blucher" boots out of doors, these latter being always made for him by the same man, a bootmaker named Duncan, in Edinburgh; but on one occasion, something about his feet being not quite comfortable, he was heard to remark that "if they would hang two or three of these shoemakers it would teach the others to make their boots to fit a body's feet," showing that even a philosopher may be roused from his philosophy when the shoe pinches.

The maid who was with Mrs. Carlyle in London during the last year of her life, and who after her mistress's death stayed on at Cheyne Row until her own marriage, was a Scotchwoman, and Carlyle, who was very Scotch, and liked all Scotch things, approved of her in many ways, especially of her porridge-making and oat cakes, which he called "illustrious cakes," and also for her punctuality, he being extremely punctual himself. The making of porridge and oat cakes was not among her duties, but she was proficient in the art, which Mrs. Carlyle's English cook either could not or would not learn, hence the following. Jessie was going to be married, and accordingly gave notice to leave, but the young man being prom-

ised a more lucrative occupation in the future, they agreed to wait, and on this being made known to Mrs. Carlyle, she impulsively threw her arms round the maid's neck, and kissing her, exclaimed, "Thank God, I shall get my oat cakes yet!"

Mrs. Carlyle, never very strong, was less so during this year, and spent a greater part of the time on the sofa in the drawing-room, but was still very fond of company, both at home and abroad, and passionately fond of driving out. Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, did not care in the least for society, or to be troubled by visitors, but so long as he was left alone was quite willing to let her do exactly as she pleased. He was coming very much to the front at that time, and people were anxious to make much of him, failing which, as he was very rarely to be seen, they turned their attentions to his wife, and her visitors and their carriages were continually in evidence at No. 5 Cheyne Row.

She was very impulsive in giving away things, saying, however, that if she did not receive so many presents she could not have given away so much. Among others, Lady Ashburton sent every week a hamper containing cream, eggs, and fresh vegetables, which would no doubt be very highly appreciated, as for those who have lived long in the country a taste for the London egg and so-called cream is difficult to acquire.

Neither of them read a newspaper; Dr. Russell sent them one regularly, which was promptly readdressed by Carlyle to Mrs. Aiken (his favorite sister "Jean"), with the addition of two strokes — under the address, the explanation of these being that Carlyle, who hated writing to his relations, his time being so much occupied, took this means of communicating to his sister that all was well with them. Only once he forgot to put the strokes, and

the omission promptly brought a letter of inquiry as to the cause.

An ordinary day in Carlyle's life was somewhat as follows. He had no stated hour for rising, depending very much on what time he had gone to bed, so the breakfast hour varied between nine o'clock and eleven. He always had coffee for breakfast, and that and everything else must be at the boiling point or it was of no use; the kettle had to be brought boiling to the table, and the eggs in the hot water, so that he could see for himself that all really was as hot as he desired it. "If he could have got things hotter than boiling he would have liked it better," was Jessie's comment, and it is on record that Mrs. Carlyle, who often remonstrated with him for taking things too hot, suggested he might put a cinder in his mouth. Then to work, seated in an old-fashioned square armed chair with a hard horse-hair seat, before the quaint oblong writing-table with its two flaps for letting up or down according to the space required, and steadily work on until two o'clock, when he would go upstairs, find hot water ready to the minute, and after washing his hands and making some slight change in his dress, go out for a walk until four o'clock. On his return he went out into the small paved court at the back of the house, which led into the strip of garden, and here a small dose of brandy, filled up with cold water, was brought, and the tumbler being placed on an ordinary kitchen chair beside him, he sat on the wall, reading a book and sipping his brandy and water until dinner, which would soon after be announced. His meals were very simple; he liked what he was to eat on his plate at once, and if the quantity had not quite agreed with him on any previous occasion, he would say, "Not quite so much to-day." When at Holmhill a certain quantity of potatoes were weighed for him each day,

his wife saying that if this was not done, he was so absent-minded he would be sure to eat more than were good for him without being aware of it. He rarely took anything to drink, except a glass of port occasionally with his cheese; and after the dinner it was his habit to go upstairs to his room and lie down on the sofa, and there, with an old hat on, a handkerchief laid over his ear, and warmly tucked up in a thick plaid or rug, to sleep for an hour and a quarter exactly, at the end of which time Jessie was instructed to wake him. Going downstairs, he smoked a pipe (he never had any lack of either his favorite long clays or tobacco, being presented with stacks of the one and quantities of the other by admirers who were only too honored by the great man's acceptance of their gifts), then up to the drawing-room for tea and to read a book quietly, except on those evenings on which visitors (who had most probably previously written to Mrs. Carlyle praying for permission) happened to "drop in" for a cup of tea and a talk, the *talk* on these occasions soon resolving itself into one voice alone being heard, while the guests sat round like an audience at an interesting lecture, only an occasional answer of assent or murmur of admiration breaking the general attitude of strained attention. Then one by one they would flit away, taking their fine dresses and jewels on to other and more dazzling receptions, where, however, they could be sure of rousing both interest and jealousy by remarking that they had spent the earlier part of the evening with Thomas Carlyle.

The last guest gone, Carlyle, unable to continue his interrupted reading, would rise, and crying impatiently, "Another night spoiled; this *must* not happen again," take himself off for a long walk, perhaps not returning until after eleven o'clock, letting himself in with his latchkey, to find his porridge

warming in the saucepan on the hob of the dining-room fireplace, and his candles (there was no gas in the house) set ready. His favorite position while reading was to sit with his elbows forward upon the table and his head held between his hands, and in this attitude he would remain until the last flickers of the waning candles gave warning of coming sudden darkness, obliging him to rise and depart to bed, Jessie usually having taken the precaution to substitute fairly short candles for the long ones, because, as she said, "if they had been the full length he would have sat up reading just that much longer."

That musical, or rather unmusical, form of torture the "hurdy-gurdy" was an abomination to him, and it was principally on account of his intense dislike to these instruments, and his voicing of this to a friend who was influential in high places, that the Act was passed by which it was made imperative that the organ-grinder should move off at once on being requested to do so, with the alternative of being given in charge if he refused.

If Carlyle had seen a tithe of the people who came to obtain interviews or even speech with him, his time would have been occupied by little else, and as it was there were many who hung about the house hoping to catch a glimpse of or by good luck perhaps a stray word from the object of their admiration. But he was always obdurate in his refusal. An American who had called time after time, asking only

to see him, at length received the reward of importunity by being admitted, and found the great man in his study. On his entrance, Carlyle rose, and standing with his hand on the writing-table said, "Well, here I am—take a good look at me." And not only so, but evidently being that day in an amiable humor, he sat down and talked to his visitor for a considerable time, the latter, no doubt, when he left, hugging the memory of that interview as a priceless possession.

Whatever may have been said or thought to the contrary, it is stated that Carlyle and his wife had a sincere affection for each other, although they lived their life together in very unemonstrative fashion. Her death was a great and lasting grief, but borne with the Spartan determination of the Scotch character, which, doggedly hardening itself against any display of feeling, holds its sorrow locked up within itself and repels would-be sympathy as an impertinence. On his return from her funeral he went straight upstairs, and entering the room which had been hers, shut the door behind him. After a while he came out and went on up to his own room, where he remained for some time, then descending, took up his ordinary life again to all appearance; but although he rarely afterwards mentioned his wife, an old-fashioned photograph of her stood always on his writing-table, and from the time of her death he aged rapidly.

E. Williamson Wallace.

THE CORONATION AND SOME OF ITS LESSONS.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

The coronation of the sovereign will be an event unique in the experience of the vast majority of the English-speaking people. By far the greater number of us have known but one sovereign. We were born, we grew up, we began our career under the rule of Queen Victoria. Her name was a household word, a word moreover to conjure with, standing as it did for fidelity to duty, unsparing devotion to her people's good, unsullied purity and honor, a guileless character and a simple life. For sixty-three years the English people lived under her rule, and grew so accustomed to it that the thought of any change almost dropped out of mind. This need not cause wonder, when we remember that Queen Victoria's reign exceeded the average length of the reigns of English monarchs by almost forty years. People who died in the early half of the nineteenth century might have seen three coronation pageants without being very old. The child born in the same year as Tennyson was eleven years old when George IV. was crowned, was of age when William IV. ascended the throne, and was only twenty-eight at the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria. Taking the same age, ten or eleven years, as an age when a child could intelligently appreciate and readily remember the event, the child who was eleven when the queen was crowned, must have lived to be seventy-five in order to see King Edward VII. crowned; and to be eighty-four, if he had been eleven when William IV. was crowned. There is an old clergyman in the north of England who reached the ninety-seventh anniversary of his birth in March last, and who therefore was

fourteen or fifteen when George III. died, and who lived under five sovereigns, and might have seen four coronations. But these figures and calculations only serve to show how unique the event of a coronation is in the experience of the bulk of our people. This is perhaps the reason why the significance of the ceremony is not very widely or clearly understood.

The people of these realms have often been twitted by their Continental neighbors as being a nation of shopkeepers, and as being illogical, because they are content to put up with certain political inconsistencies in the constitution of their country. The criticism of our neighbors has a measure of truth in it. We are a commercial people; and we therefore estimate things from a practical standpoint. We are not, therefore, greatly troubled by theoretical inconsistencies in the constitution, so long as no great principle is put into jeopardy, and the commonweal is sufficiently safe-guarded.

The sovereign of these realms is a constitutional monarch. He has rights, privileges and honors, but he has also sacred duties and high responsibilities. He is entrusted with power, and he is expected to protect the interests of the nation, and, as the most important of those interests, to maintain the great and salient principles of the constitution. This high duty of the throne is expressed in the "National Anthem."

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

The realization of the true and right-

ful position which the monarch holds in these realms is needful, if we are not to be perplexed by some of the apparent inconsistencies to which I have alluded, and if we are adequately to appreciate the religious character of the Coronation ceremony.

For it must be remembered that the Coronation is not a mere splendid pageant, but a religious service; and it is to be hoped that the people of this country will treat the solemn function as indeed a great religious gathering.

In Westminster Abbey the representatives of the Empire will be assembled. In their midst prayers will be offered up, when the crown is set upon the sovereign's brow. The nation will then, in acclaiming their sovereign, recognize the greater sovereignty of God, and they will acknowledge that without God nothing is strong, nothing is holy. "God alone is great!" cried the great French preacher in the presence of the coffin where many hopes and affections were buried. "God alone is great!" is the thought which underlies the solemn service in which the monarch is set apart for his high office.

This thought is capable of extension. The moment we realize the governing power and the governing wisdom of God, we recognize the sanctity of every office. It is with no superstitious meaning that we acknowledge that God's Divine Providence has appointed divers orders in His Church. It is an elementary religious truth that "promotion comes neither from the east nor from the west; that God is Judge: He putteth down one and setteth up another." This simple truth has indeed often been exaggerated or misunderstood. Men have thought of the rights, the dignity and the splendor of high place; they have thought little of the high responsibilities, and noble opportunities for good, which are the accompanying duties of power.

"Duties, not rights," was the motto of a great Italian patriot, and the lofty duties which devolve upon the sovereign are emphasized in the Coronation Service. The service is marked by certain significant ceremonies; but the prevailing thought in all of them is the one of which we have spoken, viz. that all power and authority are from God.

Let us briefly note some of these ceremonies.

The sovereign has taken the oath to govern according to law, to show justice and mercy in all his judgments, and to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion, as well as the existing religious settlement, and the rights and privileges of the Church of England; the great hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," has been sung, and the sovereign has been placed in the ancient and venerable chair which has been used since the days of Edward II. The ceremony of anointing then takes place. Usually the sovereign is anointed on the head, the hands and the breast, to signify that heart and hands and mind are to be used as in consecrated service. Thus the presence of the Spirit of God is invoked, and the significance of the oil used becomes clear. For rule and government men need the fitting spirit as well as the fitting gifts. All gifts are from God, and the highest and best gift of the Spirit, to use gifts rightly, is from God. The oil thus signifies man's need and man's faith, and our desire for the presence and help of the Spirit, or, as it is expressed in the prayer that follows the anointing, the blessing of the Holy Ghost.

The sword is handed to the sovereign: the sovereign gives it to the archbishop, who lays it on the altar, from which it is again brought to the sovereign. Here the thought that all power is from God, and that whatever

authority or gift a man possesses by nature and right, he must take and use only as from God, is clearly brought out by the ceremonial. The sword of power belongs to the sovereign, but he will only take it into his possession as coming to him from God.

The Imperial robe, and the golden orb, set about with pearls, are then given to the sovereign. These carry with them their lesson and meaning. The prayer which accompanies their bestowal explains these: "The Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom: the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation." And the prayer continues: "When you see this orb set under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer. For He is the Prince of the Kings of the earth, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, so that no man can reign happily who derives not his authority from Him, and directs not all his actions according to His laws."

The ring is put on the fourth finger of the sovereign's right hand. The words used by the archbishop are: "Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the Catholic Faith."

The sceptre is given into the monarch's hands with these words: "Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice."

Immediately after, a rod, adorned with the dove, the rod of equity and mercy, is given to the sovereign, who is reminded of the need of impartiality and mercy. "Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute justice that you forget not mercy. Judge with righteousness, and reprove with equity, and accept no man's person."

These preliminary ceremonies over, the supreme moment of the coronation is reached.

The sovereign is seated in the same

historic chair of which we have spoken. A prayer that the royal heart may be enriched with heavenly grace, and that the sovereign may be crowned with all princely virtues, is said. Then the crown is brought forth; the archbishop places it upon the monarch's head, and the acclamations of the great assemblage are heard. "God save the King!" bursts from all lips, the trumpets are sounded, while without the great guns roar forth a royal salute. When the sounds have ceased, the archbishop addresses the newly-crowned sovereign: "Be strong and of good courage: observe the commandments of God, and walk in His holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, that in this life you may be crowned with success and honor, and when you have finished your course, receive a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give you in that day."

It is characteristic that the first ceremony after the coronation should be the presentation of the Bible to the sovereign. The presentation was at the Queen's coronation made by the archbishop, the dean of Westminster going along with him. The words of presentation declared the Bible to be the most valuable thing that the world affords. "Here is wisdom: this is the royal law: these are the living oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book, that keep and do the things mentioned in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

The enthroning then follows. The homage of the peers is made, and the service concludes with the receiving of the Holy Communion.

Throughout the whole ceremonial

there is the continued expression of one great spiritual principle. The nation is engaged in a great religious act. It is the setting apart of the monarch for his high office with words of prayer and praise; but it is more than this: it is the public acknowledgment that people and nations cannot enjoy peace or security without God. For the measure of blessing which has been theirs, for the strength and stability of the Empire, they are indebted to the never-failing providence of God.

The Leisure Hour.

For the due administration of all public affairs, they need the inspiring wisdom and help of God; and all rule, sovereignty, power and influence are thus only truly noble and royal when they are exercised in a righteous, holy, noble and self-sacrificing spirit. The service is a splendid expansion of the old Hebrew prayer, which all English-speaking people will loyally echo: "Give the King Thy judgments, O God, and Thy righteousness unto the King's son" (Ps. lxxii. 1).

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is expected that, with the war in South Africa and the coronation pageant both out of the way, the flood of books in England next autumn will be •greater than for several years.

Mr. Morley, in preparing his "Life of Gladstone" has arranged the letters of the great statesman in different sections of the biography under the respective headings of political, ecclesiastical, theological and literary.

The spring book season in the United States is accounted a successful one. About eleven hundred books were published by the leading houses. Nearly one quarter of the whole output was fiction, but there have been few books of sensationally large circulation.

"The Book of Jubilees," edited by Professor Charles of Dublin University, will be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black this month. Written in Hebrew towards the end of the second century B.C., the "Book of Jubilees" is the oldest commentary we have on Genesis and the early chapters of Exodus. From

Hebrew it was translated into Greek, and from Greek into Ethiopic and Latin. The entire Ethiopic version has come down to us, but only fragments of the original and other versions have been preserved.

Professor Diessmann, of Heidelberg University, claims to have made a fresh discovery as to the interpretation of a papyrus-leaf discovered among other papyri some years ago and now at the British Museum. He had read the text when it was first published soon after its discovery, but, as a result of recent study, he claims that, by attaching a different value to a single letter, the whole nature of the leaf is changed. Professor Deissmann includes a facsimile of the papyrus in his book entitled "The Epistle of Psenosiris: An Original Document from the Diocletian Persecution of the Christians."

In their dainty series of "Hour-Glass Stories," the Funk & Wagnalls Company publish "The Sandals," an imaginative sketch in which Z. Grenfell

follows in fancy the fate of the garments for which the Roman guard cast lots on the day of the Crucifixion. The attempt is a daring one, and the result does not meet the standards either of art or of religion. Ellen V. Talbot has done a much better piece of work in "The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page," a novelette of the same series, in which the story so briefly outlined by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is told in the first person, with fuller detail, by its sprightly heroine. Illustrations by Sewell Collins add to the attractiveness of the tempting little volume.

Apropos of the terrible disaster in the island of St. Vincent, the famous hoax is recalled by which Daniel Defoe led all London to believe in 1718 that the whole island of St. Vincent had been blown up and obliterated. Either out of his own imagination or with the basis of some sailor's yarn Defoe wrote in *Mist's Journal* a circumstantial account of the destruction of this island. After leading up very gradually to the catastrophe, he told his readers that, "on the night of the said 26th, about Midnight, the whole Island of St. Vincent rose up in the Air, with a most dreadful eruption of Fire from underneath the Earth, and an inconceivable Noise in the Air at its rising up, that it was not only blown up, but blown out of the very sea, with a dreadful force, as it were torn up by the Roots, or blown up from the Foundations of the Earth." Finally, to bring the event home to his readers he recalled an accident in a foundry in Moorfields where a quantity of liquid gun-metal coming into contact with some water had blown up the works.

Lieutenant J. W. G. Walker's "Ocean to Ocean," in which is given an account, personal and historical, of Nicaragua and its people, comes from the press of

A. C. McClurg & Co. at a time when the Isthmian canal question is temporarily halted in Congress. It will serve to acquaint the general reader not merely with the features of the great enterprise from an engineering and commercial point of view, but with the characteristics of the Nicaraguan country and people. Lieutenant Walker writes with a directness and freshness which more than atone for the absence of elaboration of style. His impressions were obtained at first hand during surveys which he conducted under the direction of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, and there is just enough of the historical element to give a setting for the presentation of Nicaragua as it is to-day. Numerous maps and illustrations enhance the value of the book.

A first novel of unusual quality is "Roman Biznet," the study in heredity by Georgia Wood Pangborn which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish. Its scene is laid among the French-Canadian population of Upper New York, and its central figure adds to the peculiarities of that nondescript race a moody, violent temper inherited from Indian forbears, and a strain of musical genius bequeathed him by a German ancestor. His education at the caprice of a woman of more wealth than judgment puts his crude, irresponsible nature to the test of conventional adjustments, and the relation between his romance and that of his foster-sister makes the situation still more complex. The portrait which Mrs. Pangborn draws, though striking, is shadowy, and none of the other characters in the book—except, perhaps, poor little Kitty Conto—impress one as wholly real. But if the interest is rather that of a problem than a story, it is still an absorbing interest, and the writer's style—epigrammatic, allusive, suggestive—is quite in keeping.

THE REGRET.

It seems to me, dearest, if you were
 dead,
 And thought returned to me after the-
 tears,
 The hopeless first oblivious tears, were
 shed,
 That this would be the bitterest, not
 that I
 Had lost for all sad hours of all my
 years
 The joys enjoyed and happy hours
 gone by;
 Ah no, but that while we had time to
 live
 And love before the coming of the
 night,
 Yet knew the hours of daylight fugi-
 tive,
 Proud as a child, who will not when
 he would,
 Sometimes I did not love you as I
 might,
 Sometimes you did not love me when
 you could.

Arthur Symons.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to
 Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay
 and wattles made;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a
 hive for the honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for
 peace comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morn-
 ing to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and
 noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always
 night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low
 sounds by the shore;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on
 the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats.

IN THE ORIENT.

The burden of the East. Beneath thy
 feet
 Long years have crept, and primal suns
 of old
 Smote thy forbidden place,—the fretted
 gold,
 The granite walls around thine ancient
 seat.
 With strange, bewildering mystery re-
 plete,
 Few secrets of thy mighty past are
 told.
 And rare the annals, that to men un-
 rolled,
 The pictured beauty of thy cult repeat.
 Thy head is bowed, and holden are
 thine eyes.
 In riches steeped, and swathed in
 gemmed array,
 With gorgeous state, through countless
 dynasties,
 Thy tottering footsteps keep their olden
 way.
 But faintest dawn breaks in the East-
 ern skies,
 What of the night, oh watcher, canst
 thou say?

C. D. W.

A CAROL.

Given, not lent,
 And not withdrawn—once sent—
 This Infant of mankind, this One,
 Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
 New-born and newly dear,
 He comes with tidings and a song,
 The ages long, the ages long.

Even as the cold,
 Keen winter grows not old;
 As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
 And spring in the familiar green;

Sudden as sweet
 Come the expected feet,
 All joy is young, and new all art,
 And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

Alice Meynell.

